National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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National Anti-Slavery Standard.

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Pro-Slavery.

THE GENEVA REMONSTRANCE.

From The South.

THE letter of the Evangelical Churches of Geneva, on the subject of slavery in the United States, is the theme of the opening article of *Russell's Magazine* for August. The letter, it appears, has been industriously circulated, and is thus noticed by one of the recipients, a correspondent of the *Southern Christian Advocate:*

MR. MERLE D'AUBIGNE'S LETTER TO SLAVEHOLDERS IN AMERICA.

The last effort of Abolitionists with which I am acquainted is the most impudent of all their movements hitherto. It is this: I have just received, and I doubt not every member of the Georgia Conference has (unless failure has been occasioned by directing the document to their last year's appointment instead of this year's—for the copy received by me had been so directed and re-mailed), a printed copy from Dr. Merle D'Aubigne and forty-six other Swiss and French divines and notables addressed to the "Evangelical Christians of the United States of America"; but really intended for circulation in the slaveholding States alone. Its topic is slavery, its evils and its anti-Christianity. It is introduced to those to whom it is addressed by some unknown fanatic—by the very modest request that "the reader will prayerfully consider this appeal and also bring it to the knowledge of the Church with which he is connected."

This is the foreshadowing of future movements in "the *Christ-like*" (that is the word of the aforesaid fanatic) efforts that are to be brought to bear, by means of tracts, books and circulars sent throughout the South, to rebuke and exhort us, and, these failing, to anathematize the Southern Churches for their connection with slavery. This battery is a masked one; the next may perhaps—will, if some late resolves are carried out—have the protecting ægis of the American Tract Society's Publishing Committee.

The introductory to Dr. D'Aubigne's letter says, "the Protestantism of Europe here speaks of the Protestantism of America from a revered seat of our common faith (Geneva) in tones so conciliatory and Christ-like that the most sensitive cannot take offence." When did Christ say anything of the evils and anti-Christian spirit of slavery? How *Christ-like* it is to denounce what he, who spared not denunciation when deserved, never, in all his teachings, denounced, and what his Apostles clearly sustained by marking out, with the authority of inspiration, the duties and obligations of the relation! But, this aside, how conciliatory it is to be told, as Dr. D'Aubigne and his *confreres* tell us in this insulting letter, that the "time is certainly come when America (that is, the Southern States!) *must give satisfaction to the claims of Christianity*" in the matter of slavery! (Italics my own.)

What fools and madmen they soon become who leave the functions which God has called them to, and engage in affairs for which they have no fitness by knowledge, and are unprepared by every circumstance that can produce deficiency.

Dr. D'Aubigne may have written a very good history of the Reformation, but he knows nothing of, and has no connection with, nor responsibility for, American slavery, and unless he and his co-workers—the Abolitionists—wish to forge *chains* (we have heard them often pathetically spoken of as already existing) for the slaves and circumscribe yet more the possibility of ameliorating their condition, he had best attend to his duties as "President de l'Ecole de Theologi et Vice-President de la Societe Evangelique"—and they to their various avocations, whilst we go on christianizing the descendants of Africans, and continuing in existence the most admirable system of labour that Switzerland or any other country of Europe, or any on the globe, can produce.

A METHODIST PREACHER.

EFFECT OF SLAVERY AGITATION.

To the Editor of The South.

THE agitation of the Slavery question, which was regarded by the Southern people at its commencement as wholly evil, has not been unattended with beneficial results. The benefit, so far, has even exceeded the evil, great as it has been.

The intelligent Abolitionist must have seen ere this that the contest has resulted in placing Southern Slavery on a firmer basis than it had thirty years since. The question has been argued by men of the highest intellect and integrity, North and South; and, though the Free Soil party has gone on increasing at the North and in our Federal Legislature, yet it is becoming more and more apparent every day that Southern slavery cannot be abolished, and, furthermore, that it is the very best condition that the African race has ever yet been placed in. These truths are now too evident to admit of a doubt by candid men, North or South. The time for argument has ceased. We must now have action—firm, decided and united action. But here lies the difficulty—in getting *united action*. The South is perfectly safe, if she can have *united action*. Virginia alone can settle this vexed question, if she will only take her position firmly, clearly and manfully. There may be a great deal to do before this is accomplished; yet it may be done. Let Virginia alone, or in conjunction with her sister States of the South, call a convention of the wisest, coolest and bravest of their citizens—such men as will not lightly consider or determine—and let them take whatever stand they may, and *the North will come to it*—for the plainest and simplest reason imaginable, viz.: *that it will be to their interest to do so.* No man ever doubted a Yankee's sagacity to perceive his own interest, and no one need doubt it. But it may be asked, Why have they not perceived it heretofore? First and foremost, they have been uncertain heretofore how far the Southern people would permit them to go. A very large proportion of the people of the North are as well informed on this question as the Southern people would have them to be. They know that the North cannot get along without the South. They know, too, and acknowledge that they have nothing in the world to do with Southern slavery, and they are striving, not with all their might, yet mightily, to prevent the mischief which the Abolitionists would bring upon the country if they succeed. They are not equal in numbers to the Abolition party; yet they are more than equal in intelligence and wealth; and a braver set of men cannot easily be found. They have been made so by having to contend so long in such an unequal struggle. Then let us not condemn them in mass, as is too frquently the case at the South. Let us hold on to the conservative portion of the Northern people. They are helping us fight the great battle *which must be fought.*

Fanaticism has rarely or never been cured without blood-letting; and if they will have it, let them have it. But you may be sure of one thing: the Black Republicans will have first to conquer the conservative men of the North before they can make an attack upon us. The conservative portion of the North, backed by the South, will be much more than an overmatch for the Abolitionists. But, Mr. Editor, we have a hard work to perform at the South, before we can consider ourselves as prepared for the conflict which has already begun.

The conservative portion of the South have yet to come forward and manifest *their will*, speak *their* sentiments, and let the *North see that they dare maintain them.*

POPULI

MASSACHUSETTS FORTUNATE IN HER GOVERNOR.

From The Boston Courier.

IT is fortunate for the Commonwealth that we have had a Governor, of late, who, upon various occasions, has shown himself proof against malign influences brought to bear upon him. Few periods of our history have made greater demands upon the firmness of the Chief Magistrate; and we are disposed to give him every credit for upholding, in repeated instances, the integrity of the Constitution.

Our legislators have not only committed unpardonable blunders, but they have persevered, through ignorance and delusion, in indisputable violations of the Constitution; and notwithstanding executive vetoes, and in despite of expressed judicial opinions, they have marred our statute book with unsightly blots of incongruous legislation.

There is a fact connected with this extraordinary legislation which the people do not realize, if they are cognisant of it. It has been consummated, to a great extent, outside of the Legislature, and by men who openly boast of trampling upon the Constitution of the Union, who affect to despise the elective franchise, and who disavow allegiance to any constitution which clashes with their agrarian licentiousness.

It is the Wendell Phillipses, the Theodore Parkers, the Abby Fosters, the Lucy Stones, and *id genus omne*, that have practically been the legislators of the extreme enactments which, within a few years, have rendered our Commonwealth a byword. By obtrusive petitions, by insidious lobby influence, and by artful pleadings in committee, these individuals have in reality exercised the powers and duties of legislators; while the representatives of the people, overpowered and befooled by their specious rhetoric, have merely confirmed the dictates of these model patriots. If thus our legislators are to heed the behests of such persons, and so virtually nullify the Constitution; as well we might have a tyrant whose will is the law, as have a Constitution which is at the will and mercy of such weak-minded policy, and factious caprice, and such a destructive spirit as this.

THE AMERICAN TRACT SOCIETY.

From The Washington Star—Administration.

No one has witnessed with greater pain than ourself the gradual lapsing of the great religious organizations of the Northern United States, that were formerly national, into abolitionism, which, by the by, has been strictly *pari passu* with the spread of infidelity and the growth of the deification of their passions and prejudices among the "new light" or very progressive Christians at the North. One by one, Church after Church, and society after society, has taken such positions on the slavery question as to force a sectional division in its organization.

We have mourned in our own heart over this state of popular "Christian" sentiment at the North, as doing more than aught else in the work of making the people of the United States two nations in feeling—towards producing that state of mind between the two great sections of the Confederacy which must sooner or later bring about its dissolution. For as religious ties are stronger than all others, so religious antipathies are more undying, bitter, unreasonable, cruel, vindictive, and unappeasable, or there is no truth in the written history of civilization since the fall of the Roman Empire. Right glad are we, therefore, that at length one great Christian association at the North appears to be able to withstand the tendency of the times there. We refer to the American Tract Society; the only great organization with which up to this time every branch of the American Protestant Church has been identified directly or indirectly. It seems about to be able to rival the Catholic Churches of the United States in withstanding the pressure of demagogueism which so distinguishes the era in which we live, in all countries claiming to be free.

Selections.

THE INQUISITION IN SOUTH CAROLINA.

From The Northern Independent.

WHAT, Inquisitions in our country—in republican, Christian America—springing up in our midst and flourishing in the middle of the nineteenth century? Yes, dear reader, the bloody successors of old Hildebrand, Loyola, and the servants of the devil, in the Old world, are tame, in their morally dramatic scenes and actions, compared with those of the New. The Inquisitions of Portugal, France and Spain, with the terrible Bastile of Paris, must clear the track of the world's retrogression for the more heathen train of our own "SOUTHERN GODDESS," in its madness and fury to pass on downward.

INQUISITION BUILDINGS.

In the western part of the chivalrous City of Charleston, South Carolina, there rises a building of huge, colossal proportions, resembling very much a vast fortress, a penitentiary, a State's prison, or some other horrible place, ominously suggestive of human suffering, skulls and bones. It covers more than an acre of ground, is built of brick and stone, and coated with brown mortar, which, in the clear atmosphere, adds singular boldness to its outlines. In form square, its high, castellated walls, its suspicious-looking port-holes, its turrets and watch-towers, and wall-towers, on a nearer view, give out strong evidence of its being a fort; in other words, a means to arming the fears of the community. Its position, however, at once divests you of the idea that it was built as a means of defending the city from the attacks of an enemy from without. It is neither a fort nor a State's prison; it is what the good people there call the "Charleston Work-House," the place where they flog the niggers, in their own language, but what I call the LOWER LAW INQUISITION—a municipal slave-pen, grand and imposing without, but full of bleeding, withering, desolating hearts within. It was built by the city, at an enormous expense. The design, I was informed, was suggested by a Mr. Hutchinson, a gentleman of fine taste, who had travelled much in Europe, where he conceived the plan of fashioning this municipal slave-pen after a celebrated castle on the Rhine. Mr. H., being several times elected Mayor of the City of Charleston, inaugurated one of his terms by introducing a proposal to build this magnificent institution. The necessity of such a building was argued upon various grounds, one of which was that it would supply a place of refuge, as well as defence, for the inhabitants of the city, in the event of an insurrection among the slaves.

INSIDE VIEW OF THE INQUISITION.

Having viewed it from without, let us look within,

"And see the more than spectre forms."

You enter at the east front, through a massive Gothic door or gate, and find yourself in a spacious vestibule, with broad stairs leading to the right and left. Facing you in the vestibule, and inserted into the wall, are marble tablets, on which are inscribed, in bold lettering, the names of the architect and designer, the date of the laying of the corner-stone, and sundry other things appertaining to the building. Having satisfied your curiosity over the inscription, you proceed through narrow passages, passing through the "punishment room" on one side, and the apartments of some of the officers on the other, and find yourself looking into a hollow square, surrounded by two or three tiers of galleries. There is a barrack-like appearance about these galleries, while the air of gloom that pervades all excites strange fancies in one's mind. Returning to the vestibule, you can ascend the broad stairs to the first gallery, round which you may walk, looking into the squares upon the various apartments appropriated to the officers, &c. &c. Around these galleries are rows of small cells, about four feet six inches wide, seven feet long, and as many high; in them slaves are confined. The "work-house" answers a double purpose; those convicted of crimes for which the slave laws make them amenable are sent here for punishment; slaves for sale are sent here for safe-keeping, and for this their owners are charged seventeeen cents a day, which includes their food—a peck of corn—gratis per week. Slave "brokers," as well as dealers, passing through Charleston with coffles, find this place good hotel quarters for them. Safety and economy, two desirable objects, are here nicely combined. The cells are without beds, and, during the chilly autumn nights, much suffering to the human beings thus confined is a natural result. One warm blanket is considered a sufficient covering; and you not unfrequently see in the papers a notice from the "work-house keepers" to owners to provide blankets for their slaves, or it will be done by the institution, and be charged to them. Under a former régime, in the days of the "old work-house," it was customary to set slaves, confined for crimes, to work at breaking stones. For this purpose they were supplied with sharp-pointed hammers, with handles about four feet long. These hammers, during an attempt at an insurrection, once were turned into instruments of warfare, when they were used with great effect, and made a weapon by which the police were twice repulsed. In one of these skirmishes the Mayor had his arm broken. Since that time, the labour of breaking stones has been suspended. As before remarked in these numbers, I here repeat that the people of Charleston live in continual fear of an uprising of the slaves, and keep in existence the most complete preparations for meeting such an event.

PUNISHMENT ROOM.

Having walked around the galleries, looked into the narrow pens that line their sides, and glanced at the area, where dealers in slave merchandise exhibit their wares to purchasers, we will descend the stairs, turn short to the right, and enter a small, dark room, about sixteen feet square. Reader, we are in the punishment room! Here, instruments of torture are hung up around the walls that might have disgraced the deck of a pirate ship. I say torture—for when man is reduced to merchandise, submission must follow; and when every other means fail to produce it, torture is resorted to. In many instances the master, in sending his slave to be punished at the work-house, seeks rather to excite fear than inflict pain. Hence the appearance of the torturing room is made a means to that end.

IMPLEMENTS OF TORTURE.

Fantastically-shaped caps for smothering the head; wooden instruments, of various sizes, with flat blades, from four to six inches wide, and handles three feet long, called paddles; broad leather straps, ropes and cowhides—all hang, here and there, suspended upon the walls. A block and tackle, similar to that used on shipboard, hangs suspended from the centre of the ceiling; while underneath a platform stretches across the floor. Upon this platform, the slave is made to stand, his feet being fast secured to it with cords. His wrists are then secured in a double shackle, to which the block is hooked on, and the victim being stripped, and the cap drawn over his face, he is hoisted to the utmost tension of his or her body. Some of these paddles have perforated blades, and, when laid severely on, as is customary, produce acute pain. By this somewhat refined process of punishment, the "property" is saved that deterioration in value which results from lacerating the back with the whip, or cowhide, or cat-o'-nine-tails. Suspended in the manner here described, the paddle is laid on by the keeper of the institution, or one of his officers inquisitorial. The fees accruing from punishment are very considerable, and are part of the perquisites of the keeper.

SUFFERING OF THE VICTIM.

Powerless, but writhing in the agony of his pain, the cries of the poor tortured victim not unfrequently break upon the ear, mournfully, piercingly, outside the walls of the "Inquisition." As slaves vary in colour, from the fairest white down to the blackest ebony, so is one constitution more delicate than another. The more robust black can bear up longer under punishment than the bright or fair slave. In view of this, it is necessary to adapt the size of the paddle, as well as the force of the blow, to the bearability of the constitution. As stated in my previous numbers on this subject, it is no uncommon thing for females, delicate and fair of skin, to be punished in this manner.

The Charlestonians will tell you, with an air of sincerity, that females are not flogged by men. This, we assert, is false—a deception practised upon the stranger, in order to shield themselves from the odium of the outrage.

Female slaves are bound and suspended in the same manner as the males; the only difference being that of their garments, which are rolled up from behind, and secured about the waist with a strap. In the punishment of these delicately formed slaves, great discretion is necessary; indeed, in many instances, spasms have been produced on the first stroke of the paddle.

SLAVE GIRL, ANNA WILSON.

We remember one day to have had pointed out to us, by an ex-keeper of the Inquisition, a girl, than whom none fairer walks the streets of any of our northern cities, who was, by her unfeeling owner—a man of most dissolute habits—twice brought to the institution for punishment, and each time sunk into spasms under the first blow. The keeper, a man of too much feeling for his position, assured us that he appealed in vain to the owner of the girl, who stood by, the while, not to attempt to inflict such a punishment, she being too delicate to withstand it; but all in vain. The inhuman monster was marble to slave suffering. The girl was the daughter of a gentleman belonging to one of the first families of the Palmetto city. The fastidious will, no doubt, say that these things had better remain untold, for the motto now is, when chivalry speaks, let humanity be dumb! But they have not got our head yet, and, until they do, our saucy pen will continue scribbling out its accustomed revelations on the subject, asking no advice, and making no apologies for conscience' sake. ARGUS.

A SLANDERER REBUKED.

[The following letter, which sufficiently explains itself, was addressed to *The Boston Transcript*. Some portions of it, however, were unfairly suppressed by that paper.]

SIR: When Daniel Webster was once asked why he did not reply to the malicious charges against him from his political opponents, he said, "I don't dig my paths till it has done snowing." That is true philosophy, and I generally act on it myself.

The other day, however, a friend sent me two or three of your papers, with an article signed "Sigma," reviving an old slander which the same "Sigma" most industriously circulated through the same channel several years since, charging me with administering the ordinance of baptism to sundry dogs at an anti-slavery meeting. In a series of long communications at that time, he stated the offence, proved it *blasphemy*, to his own satisfaction at least, and more than once called upon the Grand Jury to proceed with me accordingly—which they never did.

I was sorry to fall under the displeasure of your distinguished correspondent. I had before only known and honoured him as one of the very chiefest apostles in the earlier years of the Temperance Reform. I once rode with another gentleman fifteen miles to hear him give an evening lecture, and returned home in the dark hours of midnight, over the high hills and rough roads of New Hampshire, feeling richly compensated for both the labour and expense of the journey. I had read, admired and circulated his capital "Temperance Tales," with all the ardour of a young man profoundly impressed with the importance of the temperance cause, and of the value of those inimitable tales to promote it.

My zeal in the anti-slavery enterprise is of the same honest, earnest character; consistent and harmonious, I trust, with the interest I feel in every other noble and philanthropic institution to elevate and benefit man. If at any time I overstep the bounds of prudence and propriety, one might hope that even your correspondent would "pardon something to the spirit of liberty," in a country like ours, at a time like the present, when cruelty and crime abound.

The old slander, however, about the DOG BAPTISM, now so vigorously revived, cannot cause me, on my own account, a throb of repentance or a moment of regret. Had "Sigma" been present and witnessed the scene, he would have approved, if not applauded it, as did every right-minded person in the whole assembly—one at least being a slaveholder of Virginia. My friends, some of them, earnestly desire me to give in brief my own version of the transaction.

The whole was an attempt to illustrate and enforce the sentiment, "*Slavery degrades man to a level with the brute.*" I said we hear those words often, read them often, speak them often, think them often; but do we, *can* we feel their fearful force and meaning! They are short, plain words; a very little sentence, altogether; and yet can the very "blasphemy against the Holy Ghost" be more dreadful than the sentiment contained in them? I spoke of the nature of man; his heavenly origin, inconceivable capacities and powers; and then of his immortal destiny. And this, I said, is he whom slavery hurls down from companionship with angels, and oneness with Divinity himself, to a level with four-footed beasts and creeping things.

And then, to reveal more clearly this mystery of iniquity, I added, What if we should reverse the terrible proposition, and by an infamous outrage on the economy of God's government, attempt to lift the brute up into that "Holy of Holies," where only man has right to stand! Suppose we were, as a Church, to celebrate the sacrament of the Supper, and to admit new members to our communion. They stand forward, assent to our Articles of Faith and form of Covenant, and then receive the ordinance of Baptism. All this might be witnessed without peculiar emotion.

But what if we should then proceed to call to the altar some four-footed beasts, some dogs, for instance, that might be near, and conduct them through the same scenes, reading to them our creed and covenant, and sprinkling them with holy water, calling their names and saying, Lion or Tiger, I baptize thee in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Ghost. Could any of us look on such God-defying depravity as this unmoved?

To say I never beheld a more impressive scene would be only to repeat what many others said at the close of the meeting. The deep silence of the audience and profound attention, bore witness to the force and fidelity of the illustration; while the solemnity that sat on every face was proof positive that for once we had begun to see and feel what it was to sink the image of the invisible God into a chattel slave; and tread the loftiest work of His hand down among the slimy reptiles of the earth.

There needed little explaining or enforcing the subject. I did ask, is it any farther from the beast up to the man than from the man down to the beast? Or would the outrage be more daring, or the attack on the Divine appointments more defiant, were a poor brute actually thus made for once the mirth or mockery of thoughtless or depraved scoffers, than when man, all immortal, is constantly, deliberately, legally, yea, and *religiously* too, swept in successions of generations down from his heavenly estate, and made the irresponsible, inanimate *thing, tool, machine* of task-masters and tyrants, whose rage or lust is law to their victims, above all that is called God in earth or heaven? Let even the ever-scrupulous "Sigma" himself consider the question; for here was my blasphemy—and all of it.

I afterwards used the same illustration in all its parts, both in America and Great Britain. It was often reported and commented upon, in both countries, by editors and others who heard it, and always, at least on the other side of the Atlantic, with the highest approval. And it remained for your correspondent, who had never heard it, who knew nothing about it, except through a most silly, as well as scandalous, slanderous and lying rumour, to discover its blasphemy, to prove it such, at least to his mind, and more than once to demand of the Grand Jury to proceed with it accordingly. Nor have the many stern and emphatic denials of my friends, in many places and papers, your own among the number, had any apparent effect to enlighten his vision or abate his vengeance. Perhaps this effort of mine will equally fail. PARKER PILLSBURY.

Concord, N. H., August 14, 1857.

PRESIDENTIAL PIETY.

From The National Era.

THE President, a short time ago, received a letter from Professor Silliman and others, including several Doctors of Divinity of New Haven, objecting to the employment by him of the United States military forces to execute the so-called laws of Kansas, and assuring him that they cease not to pray that he may have his proper course of duty pointed out to him, or something to that effect. To this letter the President has just replied, briefly but pointedly denying their premises, and questioning their knowledge of those laws. And after acknowledging their validity, he calmly assures them that by the help of God he will enforce them, in accordance with his oath of office.

From The Tribune.

Those who have particularly at heart the cause of pure and unadulterated pulpit preaching, find much to encourage them, notwithstanding they occasionally encounter news of a wilting nature. It is something, certainly, to have Satanic sheets with them, to say nothing of the godly but feeble excitations of the journal emitted at the corner of Wall and Nassau streets (*The Express*). Moreover, it must be consoling, especially if these pure people are looking out for carnal and secular offices, for them to know that the President of the United States is upon their side. It is a notorious theological fact that all Presidents are *ex officio* religious. No matter how loose and careless may have been their lives before entering the monastic White House, it is established that there is an atmosphere at that end of the Avenue, productive not merely of agues and dysenteries, but of practical piety. And let us add that this piety is of a very powerful antiseptic and deodorizing sort, and that a President generally concentrates in his own person—whether that person be short or long, adipose or emaciated—religion enough to serve and to save any twenty common men. The Chief Executive has thus a large and sinful margin—if we may use the profane language of unhappy Wall street—and may, with impunity, indulge in offenses, against morality (always provided those offences are for the benefit of the party) which would "do for" any ordinary mortal both in this world and the next. Thus it is well known that Franklin Pierce, while leaving the inhabitants of a Territory to rapine, slaughter and arson (having sworn to protect them against all these), was singularly devout, and went to church once a week, and was so proud of his religious character that those who were willing to indorse it came in for the cakes and ale of Presidential patronage. And just so soon as Mr. Buchanan was known to be elected President—perhaps a little before—we were informed that he was the steadiest of church-goers, and had graciously bestowed upon the Christian religion his most ineffable and sublime approval. In fact, and in passing, we may say that Christianity of the new school is in luck about these times. Tammany Hall admires it. Office-holders are knocked down and overcome by its influence. Democratic newspapers devote themselves to the regeneration of the pulpit. But let no reader in his blindness suppose that the Christianity which has met with this good fortune is of the common kind, such as is preached by "three thousand" wicked wolves clothed in clerical wool—the heretical Christianity which has the audacity to include "good-will to man" in its creed—the Christianity avowed by the Beechers, the Cheevers, the Algers and such new-light impostors and fanatics. Oh, no! This is a Christianity reformed, made over, scoured and rejuvenated by saintly Collectors, Inspectors, Postmasters and Editors, who know more about the truth than all the Apostles and Fathers rolled into one, and who have banded themselves into a sacred league against the most damnable, heretical, pernicious and intolerable practice of political preaching.

This sacred class have been recently much refreshed by the bold conduct and anti-heretical firmness of the President, who must hereafter be considered as a sort of mildly papistical head of the pro-slavery Church. It seems that certain Old School Christian ministers have had the impudence, always characteristic of fanatics, to send a blackguard letter to Mr. Buchanan, remonstrating against the course of Gov. Walker in Kansas—which all know, or ought to, has been from the very beginning wise, lenient and pacificatory. But these Old Scholars, who have evidently read about Paul and Onesimus to very little purpose, have, this time, caught a Tartar of the largest and most dangerous species. The Washington telegraphers have been telling us, for a day or two past, that the President has prepared a little missive—short but strong—a bomb of a bull, if we may say so—which will cause the tongues of these impertinent intruders to cleave to the roofs of their mouths, which will blunt the nibs of their sharpest pens, and make Saharas in the bottom of all their inkstands. The President, if we may credit the magnetic gentlemen, has shown these clerical dunderheads that they have ventured to interfere with what does not concern them; that he is perfectly capable of managing matters without their advice, and that all volunteer suggestions of the kind will hereafter be deemed impertinent. This is what we had a right to expect from a President of Mr. Buchanan's well-known orthodox views, and its influence upon pulpit purity will undoubtedly be just what we desire.

While we are upon this subject we cannot help regretting that a correspondent of a City paper, upon which all New School Christians so implicitly rely, has been permitted, without editorial rebuke or dissent, to suggest that upon the 6th inst. (Sunday), which will be the one hundredth anniversary of the birth of Gen. La Fayette, all the clergymen in the United States should preach a sermon in honour of the occasion. This will never do. We must be careful of the first step. *Obsta principiis!* La Fayette was a politician, and a pretty active one. What can we expect, then, upon that Sunday, if so desecrated, except political sermons, crammed to collapse with dangerous allusions to the French Revolution, to the American Revolution, to the "glittering generalities" of the Declaration of Independence? La Fayette emancipated his "niggers," and was in favour, as he wrote to Washington, of emancipating other people's "niggers." Sermons about such a man, unless preached by such ex-clergymen as Mr. Everett, would be manifestly seditious and dangerous. Let us hear no more of this atheistical project.

A POOR PLACE FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

THE Trustees of Mississippi College, on the 2d of July last, "qualified" for their situation as public instructors, by the adoption of the following resolution:

"Resolved, That the Trustees of Mississippi College do hereby condemn the teachings of Dr. Wayland in his 'Moral Science,' on the subject of African slavery, and that the Faculty of the College be requested to discontinue the use of Wayland's Moral Science as a text-book."

Any one who has noticed a tender herb stricken by the worm, how its leaves curl up, turn yellow and wither; how its stems droop, and its fruit falls half-grown and decayed, will be able to properly interpret the fatal meaning of this resolution taken by these "blind guides" of Mississippi. They have a worm at their root, to feed which they are devoting their life's blood, and there is nothing they resent so quick as any attempt to remove that worm. Of schools they can scarcely be said to have any; they make no books and read but few; and so rapid have been the ravages of the enemy that now they have not the moral strength to endure an unadulterated system of morals. Reading and writing will have to be proscribed next as dangerous accomplishments.

These withered, dwindling, worm-eaten guardians of the Mississippi youth mistake their relations to Dr. Wayland sadly, when they "condemn his teachings." They are the condemned parties. They are cut off from the privilege of reading the truth, because they have not the grace to appropriate it to their use. They are condemned by the resolution they have passed, to discontinue the use of a work so highly prized by the other educational institutions of the country.

It may not be difficult to condemn Dr. Wayland, but it is no more in their power to condemn his system of morals than to change a law of nature, and the more they try the greater is their own condemnation. Until the protests of a certain class of vermin against fine-toothed combs shall have diminished the necessity for that little article of the toilet, and discouraged its manufacture, such resolutions as we have quoted will only serve to awaken the commiseration or contempt of those who read them.—*Evening Post.*

A METHODIST PREACHER IN STATE PRISON.

From Zion's Herald.

WE doubt not the whole Church will blush throughout this vast country—nay, perhaps the shame will cross the Atlantic and mantle the cheeks of "our British brethren," especially when they learn the enormity, the concentrated, unspeakable, inexcusable malignity of the crime of which he was convicted! Indeed we do not see how the Churches in the vicinity can endure the shock, more especially when to our certain knowledge many Methodist ministers are guilty of the same crime in a higher degree. Indeed we may as well confess it, we ourselves, many years ago, while pastor of a certain circuit in the N. Y. Conference, more than committed the same crime while riding on the Hudson River Railroad—it was not pocket-picking—and our eyes often filled with tears at the time. Fortunately we escaped conviction then, though after a few more extra-judicial and extraordinary judicial decisions of the Supreme Court it is not improbable that our guilt too will be ferreted out, and that condign punishment will be inflicted upon us.

The culprit in this case is the Rev. Samuel Green, of Cambridge, Dorchester Co., Md. We had previously noticed his crime and punishment, but were not aware then that the criminal was a minister of the Methodist Episcopal Church. Notwithstanding the disgrace of it, we are bound to acknowledge the fact. The crime of the reverend offender was "having in his possession a copy of 'Uncle Tom's Cabin!'"

The desperate wretch is at last safe, gone to the Penitentiary for ten years! This divine is already past the prime of life, and will probably, before the ten years are expired, breathe out his soul from the walls of a prison, and go to receive a second award from the Judge above. Unlike Paul he does not appeal to Cæsar, for there is no Cæsar on earth from whom he can expect any reversal of his doom. "Let justice be done, though the heavens fall." Let the reverend, white-headed, Uncle Tom-reading preacher of the gospel go to jail, though heaven falls! What is heaven or hell, compared with slavery! And let the brother Methodists, who are more than three-fourths of all the "pious" people of that County, keep a discreet silence. And if a gallant, heroic native, like Rev. J. Long, utters the promptings of a tender conscience, as in his "Pictures of Slavery," bring him before an Ecclesiastical Court, and if you cannot send him to prison do the next best thing you can to suppress this treasonable rebellion, this uprising of an untamed instinct against the laws and practices on which the very framework of society is based! Who does not rejoice that we are a law-making and law-abiding people? We can look down with sovereign contempt upon France, Russia, Turkey, China, England and all other half-civilized countries, and call upon the people to throw off all chains and emulate us, the freest, the most enlightened and liberal and humane and happy people on the globe. The Rev. Samuel Green is in jail.

> Then shall he say also unto them on the left hand, depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire, prepared for the devil and his angels: For I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat: I was thirsty, and ye gave me no drink:
>
> I was a stranger, and ye took me not in: naked, and ye clothed me not: sick, and in prison, and ye visited me not.
>
> Then shall they also answer him, saying, Lord, when saw we thee an hungered, or athirst, or a stranger, or naked, or sick, or in prison, and did not minister unto thee?
>
> Then shall he answer them, saying, Verily, I say unto you, inasmuch as ye did it not to one of the least of these, ye did it not to me.
>
> And these shall go away into everlasting punishment: but the righteous into life eternal.

Poor Rev. Samuel Green. We would sympathize with thee, but the institutions of society and the peace of the Church must not be disturbed! Why was Christ so awfully plain in his doctrines!

WHO ART THOU THAT JUDGEST ANOTHER?

To the Editors of The New York Observer.

PERMIT one of the alleged "delinquents" to call your attention to a sermon delivered by Mr. Beecher last Sunday evening, in which some charges are brought and statements made which ought not to be passed by in silence. I enclose the Brooklyn *Eagle's* report.

Is this preacher in fellowship with the ministers he so denounces? Ought he to be, if he is? Do we not compromise ourselves and bring suspicion on our sincerity, while we are generally understood as fellowshipping in any sense or manner, as ministers of the Gospel, such wholesale "accusers of the brethren" as Beecher, Cheever & Co.?

Yours, J. L.

The following is a part of the discourse:

"The Rev. H. W. Beecher preached last Sunday evening from Acts 32: 38, upon 'Public Opinion, its power, and the duty of the Church to control or direct it for good.' In Brooklyn and other cities, not one man in five goes to Church at all, and many of those who do go, are not influenced so much by what they hear there, as elsewhere. Why is this? Because a mean and miserable ecclesiastical notion is extensively prevalent among ministers and Churches, that it is the business of the preacher to repeat over and over certain dry old dogmas and stale and musty truisms, and that his duty is done whenever he has got through with the five points of Calvinism though he has said nothing about the Five Points of New York. You might as well say that a little dusky dingy lamp is God's sun, as that such Churches are true and faithful Churches of Christ. Where the prevailing public sentiment in a community is notoriously evil, and waxing worse and worse continually, the Church must be delinquent. The good men in any community, however few, are more than a match for the evil, however many, if they will but do their duty, just as a little star is more than a match for a great deal of darkness. If this be so, what must we conclude of the state of piety in the Churches of New York?"

REMARK.

We copy only the introductory passage. Our correspondent and our readers generally know full well with what disgust we contemplate the sacrilegious abuse of the pulpit by these men, whom he justly styles "accusers of the brethren." Their denunciations however, are as foolish as they are false, and injure none but themselves and their people. Of what possible injury is it to the excellent pastors of the Presbyterian, Episcopal, Baptist, Methodist or any other Churches in Brooklyn or New York, that Mr. Ward Beecher charges them as a class with preaching "*dry old dogmas and stale and musty truisms?*" No sensible person esteems them less or their accuser more for such an indecent denunciation. Indeed, we are erring now in taking notice of it, because we are giving notoriety to the matter, and thus feeding the passion that breeds these weekly ebullitions of the gall of bitterness.

Our correspondent asks if Beecher and Cheever are in fellowship with the ministers they denounce. That is just as they please. If the orthodox clergy of our Churches choose to hold communion with such abusers of the pulpit and accusers of Christians, they are certainly welcome to their choice. It is quite another question, "Does Christ have fellowship with them?" As we read the life and the sermons of the Saviour, we find nothing there to induce us to believe if he were in Plymouth Church that he would speak in such terms as Beecher does of the preaching of Cutler and Lewis, Lord and Hogarth, Alexander and Adams, Hawks and Bedell, Williams and Gillette, Bangs and Floyd, and three hundred more *as good men as these.* Would Christ curse these preachers? NO, NO, NO.—*Observer.*

It appears that the saints are rather impatient of criticism, and have begun to cast about for means of self-defence against such truth as is brought to bear upon them in the above extract from Henry Ward Beecher's sermon. It is noteworthy, and characteristic of the men and their system, that such defence is not to be attempted by proving the charge a calumny, and themselves innocent in the premises, but by excommunicating brother Beecher, and reducing him to the position of "the world," after which he might speak as much truth as he pleased, without their feeling called on to regard it.

Looking for a moment from their point of view, however, it must be not a little provoking to find brother Beecher, who meets them so sweetly and fraternally at the communion table, *there* giving them full recognition as regenerate persons, brethren in Christ, children of God and heirs of heaven, the salt of the earth and the light of the world, afterwards saying such hard things about them from his pulpit. They have certainly some reason for thinking him to be—as parson Milton of Newburyport once said of one of his deacons—"one of the crookedest sticks that ever grew on Zion's hill;" and the question might not unnaturally occur to them—If the brethren stick together no better in seasons of division and difficulty, might it not be more advantageous to us, on the whole, to leave the Church and join the Odd Fellows?—C. K. W.—*Liberator.*

THE RELATION OF THE PRESS TO THE CLERGY.

From The Chicago Tribune.

WE are not possessed with the notion that the clergy are exempt from just and even severe criticism by the press. Criticism of the press by the clergy is as common as the preaching of dogmatic theology by the press; and so far as we are concerned, we assert our independence; and when our order is assailed, the assumption of airs of superior sanctity or the wearing of unblemished neck-cloths shall not shield the assailant from any reply that his case deserves. No man, more than ourselves, reverences the clerical function, but none more than ourselves hates the cant and blasphemy, that, under the name of religion, is sapping the foundation of morality and the principles of good government. When, then, one who wears the garb and exercises the functions of a Christian minister so far forgets his Christianity and humanity as to become the apologist and defender of American slavery, or the supporter of those who do apologise for and defend it, he lays himself open to the just censure which his practical infidelity and denial of his Maker warrants. It will not matter to us what the respectability or wealth of the congregation over which he presides, or the odour of sanctity that is exhaled from his person—he is an enemy of Christianity and a foe to good government, and as such we shall invariably treat him. The contest between the principle of Democracy and Despotism has in this our day become too animated and too fearfully in earnest to permit any considerations of mealy-mouthed civility, any care for the traditional exemption of the clergy from newspaper criticism, to influence our course. This generation is fighting a battle upon the issue of which hang results of wonderful import to the country and world; and we whose position is that of a sentinel in the watch-tower of the camp in which the hosts of freedom are entrenched would not do our duty should we hold our peace when an enemy in disguise was stealing into the heart of our stronghold. Our tender-footed contempararies who look upon the contest as a sham, and are insensible to what the future has in store, if the party of Freedom is defeated, who choose to take without question the theological skirmishing or *ipse dixit* of any one who pleases to say he is called of God to declare his word, while practically denying God and brutalizing His noblest work—may agitate their palms with horror never so well affected, and we shall not be alarmed by any jeremaids in which it suits them to indulge: We live in the North, where the press is untrammelled and where the pulpit is not in the hands of an oligarchy, and we shall be as unsparing of those infidels in clerical attire, who uphold the robbery, blasphemy and licentiousness of American slavery, as is the pro-slavery press in the South of the

Democracy is under a solemn pledge to them. Hence those innumerable forays, these conflagrations which crim-soned Kansas skies by the flames of Kansas Free State settlers' houses, and reddened Kansas soil with the blood of her people.

[Gov. Chase then recited a summary of the proceedings in Kansas up to the enactments of the bogus Legislature, showing the wicked appointment of the Territory for the benefit of slavery, and exposing the miserable dodges to which Walker has resorted, during his administration, to deceive the Free State men and play into the hands of the South. And after showing how Walker had invested Lawrence with United States Dragoons, and pronounced them in a state of insurrection because they persisted in "throwing dead dogs out of their streets," not in a manner prescribed by the charter granted by the bogus Legislature, he continued:]

The people seemed to expect that they had gotten a President when Mr. Buchanan was elected. He has no freedom. He is hedged in by the minions of slavery. The Slave Power compasses him about. He is no more a freeman than a negro in Kentucky. [A voice: Tell us something about State rights.] I am bringing you to that question. I will show that these aggressions of slavery encroach upon State rights—that they have invaded the sovereignty of Ohio.

Seven years ago the Democracy were the party of freedom. I was of them. They continually adopted resolutions in their meetings and conventions denouncing slavery and asserting their determination to resist its extension by all possible constitutional means. Governor Wood, in his inaugural, pronounced it a thing of State creation, and the Democratic Convention eulogized his administration and endorsed his sentiments. He held that Congress undoubtedly had the right and ought to abolish slavery in the District of Columbia, not only as a matter of expediency, but as a matter of right to the coloured race. Of the Fugitive Slave law Governor Wood said: "It can never receive the cooperation of a free people." With these declarations, popular even here in this State among the Democracy, he was nominated, and his faith emphatically endorsed.

The Cincinnati Enquirer, in 1850, said: "Slavery is a matter left with the States. The general Government has no right to send its officers into the States to execute the Fugitive Slave law," and pronounced this doctrine "the Democratic and the Federal reading of the Constitution."

The Sandusky Mirror (Dem.) soon after denounced the law. *The Ohio Statesman*, edited by Citizen Sam Medary, in reply to a query by *The State Journal*, said: "*We would not have voted for the law* (Fugitive Slave law) *with or without* certain modifications."

The Cleveland Plaindealer (Dem.), which, said Judge Ranney, would "find it hard sledding in a Douglas Nebraska Dred Scott Convention," pronounced the slave law of "*infernal origin*, and, whether constitutional or not, is unjust." And in addition to hosts of other Democratic prints, *The New Lisbon* (Ohio) *Patriot*, then edited by ex-Auditor Wm. D. Morgan, denounced it "as a bill of abominations and monstrosities, which gives every advantage to the side of bondage." I was then a Democrat. I held to the faith they have deserted, and I will hold fast to it (cheers). Mr. Payne, the Douglas Nebraska Dred Scott candidate, voted for the resolution endorsing Governor Wood's inaugural, and where is he now?

STATE RIGHTS.

(Gov. Chase now recited the facts of the late Rescue case, and made some strong points, but the late hour of the night precludes us from writing out his remarks. In conclusion of the subject, however, he said:)

We have a right to have our State laws obeyed. We don't mean to resist Federal authority. Just or unjust laws, properly administered, will be respected. If dissatisfied, we will go to the ballot-box and redress our wrongs. But we have rights which the Federal Government must not invade—rights superior to its power, on which our sovereignty depends—and we do mean to assert these rights against all tyrannical assumptions of authority.

WHAT WE WILL DO.

I know not what will be done in Champaign County. The courts will determine that. But I do know that if the Marshals who violate our laws are indicted, and the writs for their arrests are placed in the hands of our State officers, they shall be executed (shouts and great applause). And we expect the Federal Government to submit.

I believe, with Jefferson, that the cardinal principle of our Union is the preservation of the reserved rights of the States; and if we have certain organic laws, if we wish to maintain our liberties, we must have our laws obeyed. Unless we sustain our officers, we foreit our freedom, and are worse than the veriest slave of European despotisms. But I have extended my remarks further than I intended, and I must now draw to a close.

I wish to say, however, that I want an economical Government; I want perfect security from depositors of the State and from officers, with undoubted integrity to recommend them; I want the rights of the State protected; I want to see slavery overthrown, and I intend to help overturn its power; I want to see the power of 250,000 slaveholders over 30,000,000 people cease; I want it acknowledged that coloured people have rights and privileges which they have not now; I want to see Territories become the free soil home of free labour. These are some of the articles of my political faith, and I call upon you to vindicate those principles at the ballot box.

DR. WAYLAND ANNIHILATED.

From The Providence Journal.

DR. WAYLAND is a used-up man. The Mississippi College has *resolved* upon him. Out of tenderness to our distinguished fellow-citizen—perhaps, under the circumstances, we ought to say our late distinguished fellow-citizen—we have suppressed this fact as long as we could; but it is in all the papers and it would be only affectation in us to try and keep it from the knowledge of our readers. The following is the sentence of condemnation:

"Resolved, That the Trustees of Mississippi College do hereby condemn the teachings of Dr. Wayland in his 'Moral Science,' on the subject of African slavery, and that the Faculty of the College be requested to discontinue the use of Wayland's Moral Science as a text-book."

Had this terrible resolution been passed at Andover, or Newton, or at the Theological Seminary, it would not have been quite as overwhelming; had Harvard or Yale, Amherst or Brown, rejected him, he might have recovered; but when Mississippi *repudiates*, there is an end of the matter. The doors of the treasury are not guarded with more jealous fidelity against the holders of the State securities than are the youth of Mississippi College protected from the contaminating influence of the doctrine that you should do unto others even as you would that others should do unto you.

This measure on the part of an institution of such high reputation as Mississippi College—we are sure that all of our readers have heard of it, and can readily call to mind the illustrious men which it has sent forth in all the departments of life—a College which unites so much sound learning with so much vital piety, and which consecrates both to that patriarchal institution which is defended in the Old Testament almost as much as polygamy or aggressive war, is of the highest importance. It is a step in the right direction. It must be followed up. No man who has at heart the true interests of the South can have failed to observe that the same objections that have so justly brought upon our unfortunate friend the condemnation of Mississippi, apply with equal force to all the prevailing systems of ethics. The same unsound views, the same insinuations against slavery—not open assaults, but concealed under the specious garb of general propositions upon morality—run through the whole of them. You might almost as safely place before the rising generation of Mississippi the Declaration of Independence or the Sermon on the Mount as these pestilent, transcendental theories of moral philosophy, which hardly concede to a man the right to flog his own nigger. It is a lamentable fact that not a single work on the subject takes the Mississippi view of public faith, or the Southern view of the relations of the races. Nothing could be more opposed to the policy of Mississippi than the audacious attempts that have been made by these writers—not one of whom, probably, ever owned a nigger—to instil into the youthful minds of that State not only false ideas upon slavery, but equally false ideas upon squaring accounts with a set of English abolitionists and aristocrats. Happily, as yet no bad effect has been produced—not a nigger has been emancipated, not a dollar of principal or interest has been paid—but no one can tell what might have been accomplished, if the Trustees of Mississippi College had not interposed the broad shield of their authority against such disorganizing doctrines.

The South will never be really independent of Northern fanaticism till it grows its own philosophers. Mr. Mann, whose eminently practical plans made such an impression upon the Southern Convention, ought to turn his attention to this great want. He is now engaged in getting up a line of steamships, half a dozen or so, of the size of the Great Eastern, to run between Norfolk and Milford Haven, both of which belong to that class of ports "that might contain the navies of the whole world," but which seldom get within their waters more than half a dozen schooners. Mr. Mann has raised $6,000 in subscriptions, principally of $100 each, under an indefinite amount in "the smiles of the ladies," as he explained in his speech in the Convention. This leaves only $11,992,000 to be subscribed; and as soon as that trifling amount is reached the ships will be put under contract in some of the chief ship-building ports of the South, and the engines and machinery will be made in the Southern workshops, for this is to be a Southern enterprise entirely. The ships will always take the Southern route across the Atlantic, and no Northern passengers or freight will, on any pretence, be received. This reasonable and practicable scheme being thus far on the way, the enterprising projector should next turn his attention to the formation of an exclusively Southern line of teachers and ministers. We have often thought that the preparation of a complete system of "*Moral Science, South*," might be entrusted to that eminent man of God, the Rev. Dr. Ross. There are a good many texts of scripture, especially in the New Testament, that need explanation, and no man could explain them so as to bring them within the true doctrines of slavery better than he.

Those passages about doing as you would be done by, loving your neighbour as yourself, praying for your enemies, are probably interpolations or mistranslations; at any rate, they are mere glittering generalities, and do not apply to niggers. Indeed the whole of the New Testament is somewhat radical, and since the attention of our Southern brethren has been directed to the importance of maintaining the laws, it is regarded as an evident innovation upon the good old system that had come down from the prophets and the patriarchs. Sound conservative men in the South will prefer to fall back upon the elder revelation; it answered well enough for four thousand years; and there are passages in it, especially in the divine command to the Israelities to enslave the heathen, and in the lives of David and Solomon, that are full of beautiful instruction such as you will find no where in the gospels. We understand that Dr. Ross, is about to write a defence of the Supreme Court of Judea which has for near two thousand years been assailed by Black Republicans and other fanatics, and that he will show that the opinion of Chief Justice Pilate was in strict accordance with the Roman Constitution and the Jewish law; and that the objections to it can only be sustained by reference to a "higher law," which is, of course, fatal to all order and society. When this is done, we shall have a text book that can safely be put into the hands of the young men of the South; and till then, it will be quite as well to omit the study of moral philosophy in the Southern colleges.

National Anti-Slavery Standard.

WITHOUT CONCEALMENT—WITHOUT COMPROMISE.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 5, 1857.

THE TABLES TURNED.

IF ever there was a story "founded on fact," it is the story of "the world," in a certain village, coming together, on the rumour that a certain notorious person was to be cast out of the Church, and refusing to receive him unless he was returned to them, from the company of his pious associates, in as good order as when he joined them.

The Apostles and early disciples of Jesus of Nazareth *were* the salt of the earth and the light of the world Their influence *did* improve the morals and correct the manners of the age in which they lived. They testified against the current, and popular, and creditable sins, and extolled those virtues which specially needed advocacy, being set at naught, and cast out, and trodden under foot of men. There was risk and peril in all this, no doubt; and they not only took it cheerfully for the cause's sake, but in the midst of revilings and persecutions, under the scourge and within sight of the cross, they triumphed with a glorious enthusiasm, esteeming themselves more than conquerors in the assurance that the few who followed their counsel were really turned from sin to holiness, were really made better in their own persons, and thus adapted, by their lives as well as their preaching, to forward the regeneration of the world.

But now, conversely, the little light and salt existing in the Church are obviously supplied from the presence and contact of "the world." The Church keeps back from progress and improvement, damages, deteriorates, those whom she really influences. Whatever may be the evils of the theatre (and we individually believe them to be great), the man who is drawn from it to the prayer-meeting is exposed to greater evils; his last state is likely to be worse than his first. He is less accessible than before to considerations of justice, humanity and natural right. Having renounced reason, stigmatizing it as "carnal," and adopted superstition in its stead, he naturally becomes unreasonable; and as the natural operation of deliberate perseverance in a vicious system is to "bedarken and confound the mind of man," the advocates of such systems become absurd and outrageous in their ordinary speech, when their besetting sin is assailed; thus the Southern press cries out against free schools, free speech and a free press, and the *New York Observer* triumphs in having always set its face against reforms and reformers.

As the Church lies anchored, while the stream of time sweeps past it, taking pride in fixedness of opposition to new knowledge, light and progress, its central and most characteristic part will be least influenced by improvements in the world without. But the persons who form its circumference, who have been last detained from the onward current, and who, bringing into the Church characters formed under a system which does *not* oppose progress, yet retain some of the influences of reason and nature—these are always tending to incorporate the real good which they have brought with them from the world with the supposed good which they imagine to exist in the Church; and thus the Church is kept from utter stagnation and putrefaction, and is compelled, very much against its will, to discuss some of the departments of reform.

But even that minority in the Church which is fulfilling this function, the very men who, having been awakened by outsiders to the guilt and the danger involved in slavery, are now trying to arouse the Church to break off from her guilty complicity with it, cannot get rid of their habit of considering the Church as the representative of Christianity, and her cause as "the cause of Christ." They do not see that the Church has apostatized from Christ like Peter, and betrayed him like Judas, without repenting as they did; and that those who, disgusted with the union of hypocrisy and profligacy in the Church, go out from her, shaking off her dust from their feet, go, not *from* Christianity, but *towards* it. They have come, through the influence of long habit, really to think that a systematic and vigorous ejaculation of "Lord, Lord," and a periodical observance of "ordinances," are the essential part of Christianity, and sufficient to neutralize, if not to sanctify, slaveholding itself; and thus the editors of such papers as *The Independent* come to write such paragraphs as the following, grouping the clergy, the Churches, Christianity and slavery together on one side, and the movers against slavery on the other.

"The religious people of the South, when they write on slavery, write scriptural defences of the great injustice after the manner of Dr. Armstrong. Where, then, will the clergy of the South, the Churches of the South, the Christianity of the South, be found when the white people of the South—the masses so long depressed and wronged by slavery—rise in their wrath, and in the consciousness of power, to throw off and abolish the huge injustice? We warn those Southern doctors who defend slavery in the name of Christ that they are sowing broadcast, over all the South, the seeds of infidelity."

Do not these blind men yet know that all the Christianity there is in the South is already outside of the pro-slavery Churches? that opposition to those Churches favours Christianity rather than infidelity? that the people who rise against slavery, in *whatever* manner, will be *nearer* to Christianity than those in the Churches who support it? and that the really Christian method of opposing slavery (which upholds the God-given right of every human being to life, liberty and the means of securing his own happiness and welfare) is most detested of all by those Southern Churches?

The Southern (and Northern) Doctors of Divinity who defend slavery in the name of Christ are indeed sapping the foundations of their own Churches, and hastening the downfall of the *American* pro-slavery religion; but this, so far from being a detriment to the *Christian* religion, will be merely a needful "preparing the way of the Lord" for its progress, a removal of obstructions, a making the crooked ways straight and the rough places plain, an unmasking of the false prophet who has hitherto kept the ear of the credulous people, and a pulling down of the hideous idol Superstition.

The Independent is at present a house divided against itself. The articles of Dr. Cheever have shown conclusively the absolute contrariety between the pro-slavery and the Christian character, so that the presence of one of these necessarily excludes the other. But the editorial columns have constantly insisted on recognising pro-slavery men as Christians, and the pro-slavery Church of the South as the Christianity of the South. Our comfort is that "the world" has begun to move in opposition to slavery, beyond the chance of relapse into indifference; the Church must, in self-defence, feign, if she does not feel, an interest in the same direction; and those who are deluded enough to go from the former to the latter in search of spiritual improvement will carry with them, and communicate, in some measure, the anti-slavery momentum which they have derived from other sources.

PRESIDENT BUCHANAN'S LETTER to Prof. Silliman and others, in reply to their remonstrance against his Kansas policy, and to which allusion is made on the first page, is about to be published.

COMPENSATED EMANCIPATION.

A CONVENTION of gentlemen in favour of Mr. Elihu Burritt's scheme of abolishing slavery by compensating the slaveholders for releasing their slaves was held at Cleveland, O., on the 26th, 27th and 28th ult. Its members were, for the most part, of the class more distinguished for their want of sympathy with any and every form of earnest anti-slavery effort than for any sort or degree of opposition to slavery. Indeed the only persons among those taking part in the proceedings who have ever been known as Abolitionists, were the Hon. Gerrit Smith, the Rev. John Rankin, and that poor whiffling scapegrace, the Rev. Charles W. Denison, who was first an anti-slavery editor, then an anti-slavery Baptist preacher, next (in 1850) a champion of Daniel Webster and his apostacy, then a supporter of Franklin Pierce for President, who rewarded the traitor with a U. S. Consulship at Demarara, whence he lately returned with political prospects so utterly desperate that he concluded to resume his cast-off anti-slavery cloak; and having contrived to find his way into a Baptist pulpit at Buffalo, he now "turns up" in Anti-Slavery Conventions of the pious and conservative sort, wherever he sees a chance for conspicuity, impudently pretending that he went over to the support of Webster, Pierce and the Fugitive Slave law purely from love to the anti-slavery cause! If he had had the grace to confess his sins and crave forgiveness therefor, we could readily pardon him, as we would any other Judas; but disgust at his utter insensibility to shame and at the Pecksniffian pretences by which he is deceiving those who are not well acquainted with his career impels us to speak thus plainly. Mr. Burritt, we have no doubt, is a very sincere and well-meaning gentleman, who has succeeded in convincing himself that the disease now preying upon the vitals of the nation is to be cured by some such nostrum as that which he has invented, and among those acting with him there are doubtless a few whose interest in the movement is prompted by a desire to do something for the overthrow of slavery; but it is our candid conviction that the mass of those who are lending their names and their influence in behalf of his scheme are impelled rather by a desire to find some plausible way to evade the claims and check the progress of uncompromising Abolitionism than by any earnest purpose to give freedom to the slaves.

The Rev. Mark Hopkins, D.D., President of Williams College, was President of the Convention; and the Rev. Mr. Denison and two others were the Secretaries. Letters from various absent gentlemen were read.

Elihu Burritt and Gerrit Smith were the principal defenders of the scheme of compensation. Wm. J. Watkins, assistant editor of *Frederick Douglass's Paper*, and Rev. Abram Pryne, editor of *The Reformer*, were permitted to address the Convention in opposition to the scheme, and they did so, if we may judge by the reports, with signal ability. They were answered by Mr. Smith. The correspondent of the *New York Times* exhibits his ignorance and reveals his pro-slavery animus by sneering at Messrs. Watkins and Pryne as "orators of the Garrisonian faction," and at the same time speaks of Mr. Smith in terms of warm panegyric. Mr. Smith has never been able to command praise in such quarters for any consistent and uncompromising service to the anti-slavery cause.

The resolutions finally adopted as the deliberate action of the Convention, are as follows:

1. Resolved, That, in the opinion of this Convention, it is highly desirable that the people of the North should cooperate, in a generous and brotherly spirit, with the people of the South, and share liberally with them in the expense of putting an end to so great a moral and political evil as American slavery.

2. Resolved, That the American people should make their common Government their agent in this matter, and should call on Congress to pay to each State that shall abolish slavery a sum not exceeding two hundred and fifty dollars for each and every slave emancipated, each State providing for any additional remungration that it may deem proper.

3. Resolved, That the American people, when helping the emancipators, should help the emancipated also. No measure of aid in this direction could exceed our wishes. Nevertheless, the small sum of twenty-five dollars to each of these wronged and destitute ones would go far toward supplying them with humble homes upon this Continent, or upon another, should they prefer so wide a removal from the land of their birth.

4. Resolved, That the temporary derangement which the substitution of free for slave labour would bring upon a State would be more than compensated in the enhanced value of her soil, and in numerous other great advantages which would be certain to ensue. Were Virginia to emancipate her slaves the present year, her wealth in ten years would be far more than double what it is now. Let her emancipate her slaves this year, and her vacant land could be sold the next for several times as much as it can now.

5. Resolved, That, in proposing the payment of such a vast sum of money to the Southern States, we are actuated by the earnest desire, which we feel in common with millions of our countrymen, that all the slaves in this land shall be lifted from the degradation of their chattelhood and bondage at the earliest possible day that it can be effected by peaceable means, as the first act in that full redress of their wrongs which the nation owes them.

6. Resolved, That, in making this offer of cooperation on the part of the Federal Government, Congress would not, in the slightest degree, infringe upon the sovereignty of any State, as it is regarded in the South; as the acceptance of the offer, the apportionment of the money, and all the legislative acts necessary to the extinction of slavery within its borders, would be left to the State itself.

7. Resolved, That this Convention would invite all the friends of compensated emancipation to interest the public mind in its favour through their local newspapers, by public meetings, and by petitions to Congress, earnestly endeavouring to gain the adhesion and active cooperation of persons of all parties and professions, North and South, so that the movement may not assume an apparent connection with any particular political party.

8. Resolved, That notwithstanding the press of the South condemns as unauthorized and impertinent our taking this subject in hand, we, nevertheless, justify ourselves on the ground—1st, that what vitally concerns one part vitally concerns every other part of the human brotherhood; and 2nd, that the North has as much right to save from, as the South has to hurry to, destruction the ship of State, which carries both the North and the South—the dearest interests of the one as well as the dearest interests of the other.

9. Resolved, That the declaration that our undertaking involves the recognition of the right of property in man is as groundless as it is astounding; and that this undertaking, so far from precluding those that embark in it from inculcating, as all should do, the unconditional duty of the slaveholder to set the slave immediately free, does but impart to them a special fitness for such inculcation and a special power to make it effectual.

10. Resolved, That, through petitions to Congress and personal communications with members, the proposition of compensated emancipation be brought before both Houses and discussed the following session; and that all other proper and judicious measures be taken to press the subject upon the attention of the Government and people of this country.

11. Resolved, That in order to prosecute with vigour and without suspension of effort the movement inaugurated by this Convention, a society be now formed to be called the "National Compensation Emancipation Society."

The following Constitution was proposed by Gerrit Smith and adopted:

CONSTITUTION OF THE NATIONAL COMPENSATION EMANCIPATION SOCIETY.

First: This Society shall be called the National Compensation Emancipation Society.

Second: The object of this Society shall be to promote the extinction of American slavery by contributing to the compensation of the slaveholders for their losses in the emancipation of their slaves.

Third: The officers of this Society shall be a President, Vice-President, Corresponding Secretary, Recording Secretary and Treasurer.

Fourth: The office of the Society shall be in the city of New York, and three of the officers shall constitute a quorum for the transaction of the business of the Society.

Fifth: The first annual meeting of this Society shall be held in the city of New York, on the second Wednesday of next May; and that meeting shall have full power to alter this Constitution.

Upon the recommendation of a Committee, consisting of Elihu Burritt, Gerrit Smith and Dr. T. B. Elliott, the following officers were elected:

President—Prof. BENJ. SILLIMAN, Sen., L.L.D., Conn.

Vice-Presidents—The Rev. Mark Hopkins, D.D., Mass.; the Hon. J. B. Williams, N. Y.; the Hon. Erastus Fairbanks, Vt.; the Rev. T. M. Post, D.D., Mo.; John W. Tatum, Esq., Delaware.

Corresponding Secretary—Elihu Burritt, Esq., Conn.

Recording Secretary—Robert Sears, Esq., N. Y.

Treasurer—Robert Lindley Murray, Esq., N. Y.

A proposition by Gerrit Smith to declare slavery "inhuman and revolting" was voted down by the Convention, as calculated to "alienate the South"! This reveals the compromising spirit of the movement.

SENATOR SUMNER.—The London correspondent of *The Boston Traveller*, under date of August 14, writes of the Massachusetts Senator:

"Mr. Sumner has improved constantly in health, and is now able to bear considerable fatigue, though still obliged to be very cautious, and careful to avoid all mental exertion. After some weeks of social enjoyment here, he left London for a short visit to Mr. Cobden, at his quiet home in the country, and from there went by way of the Channel Islands to the coast of Normandy, to visit M. de. Tocqueville, and will then go to Switzerland."

In a letter from London, published in *The South Carolinian*, occurs the following tribute to the present representative of this country at the Court of St. James:

"It gives me real pleasure to know that Mr. Dallas repudiates him (Senator Sumner) utterly. I assert this on my own knowledge."

NEGRO DOGS.

A writer in *The Tribune* (supposed to be Mr. Olmstead, author of "A Journey through the Seaboard Slave States") is giving an account of a tour, on horseback, through various portions of the South. On one occasion he stopped for the night at the house of a planter in Northern Alabama, who gave him the following information as to the common practice of hunting runaway slaves with dogs.

"The planter told me something about 'negro dogs': they didn't use foxhounds, but bloodhounds—not pure, he thought, but a cross of the Spanish bloodhound with the common hounds or curs. There were many men, he said, in the county below here who made a business of negro-hunting, and they had their horses trained, as well as the dogs, to go over any common fence, or if they couldn't leap it, to break it down. Dogs were trained, when pups, to follow a nigger—not allowed to catch one, however, unless they were quite young, so that they couldn't hurt him much, and always taught to hate a negro, never being permitted to see one except to be put in chase of him. He believed that only two of a pack were kept kenneled all the time—these were old, keen ones, who lead the rest when they are are out; they were always kept coupled together with a chain except when trailing. He had seen a pack of thirteen who would follow a trail two days and a half old, if rain had not fallen in the meantime. When it rained immediately after a negro got off, they had to scour the country where they supposed he might be, till they scented him.

"When hard pushed, a negro always took to a tree; sometimes, however, they would catch him in an open field. When this was the case, the hunter called off the dogs as soon as he could, unless the negro fought—'that generally makes 'em mad (the hunters), and they let 'em tear him a spell.' The owners don't mind having them kind o' niggers tore a good deal; runaways ain't much account nohow, and it makes the rest more afraid to run away, when they see how they are served.' If they caught the runaway within two or three days, they got from $10 to $20; if it took a longer time, they were paid more than that; sometimes $200. They asked their own price; if an owner should think it exorbitant, he supposed they'd turn the nigger loose, order him to make off, and tell his master to catch his own niggers.

"He told of a gentleman of his acquaintance who had chased a negro, almost without stopping or eating, for 24 hours. The dogs treed him about sunrise, and as we galloped up to the tree at full speed, he was a little exasperated to hear the fellow call out, with a laugh, 'Well, I gin you a right smart run dis morning, didn't I!' This negro was a minister—'these nigger ministers is generally the sauciest niggers.'"

At another house, where the traveller stopped on Sunday, he met a Methodist minister, who, when the subject of negro dogs was introduced, told him the following story of a man who hunted "niggers" near where he lived:

"He (the hunter) was out once with another man, when, after a long search, they found the dogs barking up a big cottonwood tree. They examined the tree closely without finding any negro, and concluded that the dogs must have been foiled, and they were about to go away, when Mr. ——, from some distance off, thought he saw a negro's leg very high up in the tree, where the leaves and moss were thick enough to hide a man lying on the top of a limb with his feet against the trunk. He called out, as if he really saw a man, telling him to come down, but nothing stirred. He sent for an axe, and called out again, saying he would cut the tree to the ground if he didn't come down. There was no reply. He then cut half through the tree on one side, and was beginning on the other, when the negro balloed out that if he would stop he would come down. He stopped cutting, and the negro descended to the lowest limb, which was still far from the ground, and asked the hunter to take away his dogs and promise they shouldn't tear him. He swore he'd make no conditions with him after being made to cut the tree almost down.

"The negro said no more, but retained his position until the tree was nearly cut in two. When it began to totter, he slid down the trunk, the dogs springing upon him as soon as he was within their reach. He fought 'em hard, and got hold of one by the ear; that made them madder, and they tore him till the hunter was afraid they'd kill him, and stopped them."

The traveller asked if the dogs were often allowed to tear the negroes when they caught them.

"When the hunters come up, they always call them off, unless the nigger fights. If the nigger fights 'em, that makes 'em mad, and they let 'em tear him good, said the clergyman. There were two or three young women present, and the young men were sparking with them in the house, sitting on the beds for want of sofas, the chairs being all in use outside; the rest of the company sat on the gallery most of the time, but there was very little conversation. It was twice remarked to me, 'Sunday's a dull day—nothing to do.'"

BRITISH METHODISM AND SLAVERY.

THE British Wesleyan Conference, which received with open arms the delegates of the U. S. Methodist Episcopal Church (Bishop Simpson and the Rev. Dr. McClintock), made a merit of refusing to admit a minister from South Carolina, belonging to the Methodist Church, *South*. The London *Watchman* says:

"This minister brought his letters of ordination and full credentials. There was evidently a strong desire on the part of many in the Conference to admit to its sittings this gentleman, whom some had met in private, and whom none doubted to be an estimable Christian minister. But it was felt that paramount considerations of public duty forbade the Conference to indulge their own kindly and social temper in this matter. The British Wesleyan Conference have deliberately renounced relations with the American Methodist Church, South, because this is now, in spirit and in practice, a pro-slavery Church."

The statement that the *Northern* Methodist Church is pro-slavery was treated as a slander by Bishop Simpson and Dr. McClintock, and by the Wesleyan Conference, in face of such facts as are presented in the following extract from *The Northern Independent* (a paper conducted by Methodist ministers in good standing), and which no sophistry can avail to hide:

"Br. 'M.' is unwilling to concede that our missionaries are crippled in their work by going forth from a slaveholding Church. But will he deny that there are from six to ten thousand slaves now held by members of the M. E. Church? Will he deny that slaves are now held by *travelling preachers* of our Church? We cannot deny either! To our shame, we are obliged to admit that both are TRUE! Dr. Stevens's error was not in saying that we are a 'slaveholding Church' merely, but in saying that this great sin is *guaranteed and protected* by 'the Constitution.' We are *practically*, and, therefore, to all intents and purposes, a slaveholding Church, in utter violation of the Discipline and the word of God. Does Br. 'M.' deny this fact?

"What effect, then, must it have upon our missions abroad? Certain ladies in England, we understand, recently made a move to get up an indignation meeting, or something of the kind, against Bishop Simpson and Dr. McClintock, on account of their connection with a slaveholding Church. And who can think strange of it? How, then, must the heathen of Africa regard a missionary sent from a Church in whose bosom ten thousand of their stolen sons and daughters are held as slaves? Will this fact be no impediment to the gospel? Has it not been, thus far, a lingering consumption to our mission in Liberia? To this day it is a sickly and feeble mission, notwithstanding the men and money that have been devoted to it. And why? Because the robbers of poor, despoiled and weeping Africa, and the oppressors of her children in a strange land, are not the men to teach her the way to heaven. To all such evangelists, the natural and righteous response of Africa is, PHYSICIAN, HEAL THYSELF. First get the beam out of thine own eye.

"And so in every other land. The holding of ten thousand slaves by our Church is not done in a corner. The fact cannot be suppressed. It is known in England and China, in India and Turkey. And, unless a slaveholding Church is just as efficient as any other in converting the heathen, then slavery at home is a hindrance to the missionary cause, not only here, but in all foreign lands.

"It is no relief to us that 'we are not all guilty'—that some of us are toiling to rid the Church of this dire abomination. *As a Church*, we are all involved; and the heathen will not see a distinction between Br. 'M.' at the North and Br. S. at the South."

PERSECUTION IN KENTUCKY.

IN THE STANDARD of the 15th ult. we published an account of the violence lately offered to the Rev. John G. Fee by a pro-slavery mob. The *American Missionary* for September contains later information, in a letter from Mr. Fee himself.

"July 29th.—I am enduring a most severe trial—the mob feeling still rages. I went to Somerset, the capital of Pulaski County, where Bro McLain has been. I there found the same spirit raging, but no outbreak. I came back to Rockcastle after meeting and found threats in abundance, scouts out, and friends much intimidated. The friends in Madison County, who went in search of my person, were much incensed, and had they met the mob, lives would have been lost. My wife and a neighbour woman were along with them also; they knew not for twelve hours where I was, but supposed the mob had me. The excitement is very great. The mob were of a most reckless class; their acts were so open and brutal that very many persons not before committed to our cause are most outspoken.

"The friends at the place of meeting, after I was carried away, voted to have me come back and preach. I have been with them twice since, and told them that, Providence not preventing, I would come and fill my regular appointment. In answer to the interrogation of the captain of the mob, I had told him that I would.

"My condition is at present perilous, and my wife is almost overcome with anxiety about it. I am worn down with continued riding, am not vigorous in health, and am pressed with care, but have the *rest* of faith. I hope that God is my friend and will overrule all for good, and grant me wisdom and grace. Pray for me."

Later still is the following paragraph from the Cincinnati *Gazette*:

"We have been informed that the Rev. J. G. Fee, the celebrated Anti-Slavery preacher in Kentucky, went into Rockcastle County—the County from which he was driven two or three weeks since—on last Sabbath, to listen to a sermon delivered by a Presbyterian minister. The rabble at Mount Vernon, hearing he was in the County, started to seize him. Mr. Fee, hearing of their approach, escaped into Laurel County, and, by travelling late in the night, reached a place of safety, whence, by travelling late on Monday night, he reached home on Tuesday morning. The mob had expressed a determination to follow him there, and he was preparing to arm himself. They hunted him all Sunday night and till 10 o'clock on Monday, but being on the wrong track were unable to find him. The Rev. J. M. McLain, a graduate of Oberlin, who has been preaching in that vicinity, has had his life threatened if he did not leave the region. The mob are mostly poor whites, who own no slaves, but are excited by liquor and encouraged by two or three slaveholders. This is a poor section of the State, and not more than one in forty of the men have any interest in slaves. For some reason C. M. Clay has avowed his want of sympathy with the position Mr Fee has assumed, and has said he could not support him in it. This has probably had its effect on the mob."

We are surprised at the above statement in regard to C. M. Clay, and hope it is not true. We know that the two men differ as to the power of the National Government over slavery—Mr. C. being a Republican and Mr. F. holding the Constitutional views of Gerrit Smith—but that is no reason why the former should not stand by the latter in the present trying emergency.

A WORD ABOUT "SIGMA."

BOSTON, Aug. 22, 1857.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

OF course you have read, or at least heard, of the atrocious attack in *The Transcript* on our friends, Parker Pillsbury and Wm. Lloyd Garrison, by "Sigma." You are undoubtedly aware that this *gentlemanly* writer is none other than Lucius Manlius Sargent, a wealthy citizen of our neighbouring city of Roxbury, who exerted what little talent he possessed, a few years since, in trying to write down the project of introducing pure water into this city—a project which had engaged the attention of every benevolent person among us for a number of years. In that effort he signally failed, as you very well know, and the poor as well as the rich are now blessed with a plentiful supply of that necessary element, the mighty Lucius Manlius Sargent to the contrary notwithstanding. He certainly has been of some service to *The Transcript*, inasmuch as he has infused some interest into its rather dull columns by his contributions, "which are neither few nor small."

Some months ago he wrote a series of articles on the infamous "Cooly Trade," which were read by myself with intense interest, as I presume they were by all Abolitionists who saw them. They displayed a thorough knowledge of the subject, were certainly written with considerable ability, and, as I supposed at the time and until quite recently, with an honest indignation at an infamous traffic, as well as a laudable desire to show up the true character of a pious orthodox church-member engaged therein. But I fear he had no such motive; for I learned, one evening this week, which I spent in the house of a gentleman in Roxbury, that it was merely to gratify a little personal feeling which he had against one or both of the firm of Messrs. Sampson and Tappan. That was told me by a lady, who remarked at the time that she felt exceedingly sorry for it, for she had read them with great interest, and it destroyed much of their force when she found they were the result of malice and revenge. So much for "Sigma's" philanthropy.

More recently he has been exerting his strength in endeavouring to *write up* the rails of the Metropolitan Horse Railway—a road running from Roxbury to Boston, having its terminus in front of the Granary Burial Ground, near the Tremont House. In that, I think, he will be no more successful than he was in the water case. I think he has displayed less ability in this than usual—whether on account of the desperate nature of the assault or from some other cause, I am not able to say. The most amusing thing about the affair is the great amount of piety he exhibits therein. At first he complained that the rails obstructed his passage in and out of the city—for, Mr. Editor, you must know he rides in his own vehicle, Sundays, I dare say, as well as other days, notwithstanding his great regard for the Sabbath. Well, to give you a specimen of his consistency in that direction, I will merely state that, within a week or ten days, I should think, as I was walking up to dinner (I reside in Dover street), he passed me in his buggy, between Pleasant street and the railroad bridge, *keeping on the track*, until forced to turn out for an approaching car, although there is plenty of room on either side of the rails, and there were no obstructions in the street at the time. But, as I said before, the most amusing part of the affair is the pious horror with which he regards the running of the cars on Sunday. He is constantly annoyed by them, although he does not live within two miles of the road. Particularly is he disturbed by the jingling of the bells ("those midnight bells") on that holy day; and that is all the more remarkable, since they never use bells on Sunday, in order to make as little noise as possible! I am glad he has let us know that he *is* a pious man, for *that* is one of the things that *I* never suspected of him, nor have I ever heard of his having fallen under the suspicion of others. I presume "Sigma" is a gentleman, though, if my memory serves me, it is not many years since he was called to answer at the Police Court for an assault on a poor handcartman, or some other equally humble individual—not a very gentlemanly affair, certainly. He has, in former years, written some clever "Temperance Tales"—whether for the purpose of furthering the cause of Temperance or to "turn an honest penny," of course I am not able to say—or whether he is a temperance man in practice, or only in theory, is more than I know.

In his present attack on Mr. Garrison and Mr. Pillsbury I have no doubt he is actuated, not by a desire so much to injure the reputation of those excellent men, as through them to strike a blow at the cause of Anti-Slavery—a cause that is hated by all such flunkeys and doughfaces as himself. But let him have it all his own way, it will harm no one—vipers have bitten files before to-day; and though "Sigma" is a very venomous reptile, and a very mighty one, I think he will find that he has undertaken to bite a mighty hard piece of metal.

H. J. P.

THE CONTRASTS.

RYNDERS AND CLARKSON, TANEY AND JAY, BUCHANAN AND WASHINGTON.

To the Editors of The National Anti-Slavery Standard.

IT appears from the Life of John Jay (vol i., 282) that when he was Chief Justice of the United States, a vacancy occurred in the office of Marshal for the District of New York. The Chief Justice, anxious that the place should be properly filled, addressed (1791) a letter on the subject to President Washington. In this he observed: "It is probable that several candidates will offer, and I take the liberty of communicating my sentiments respecting a gentleman who, too delicate to display his own merit, possesses more than falls to the share of many. I mean General Matthew Clarkson. I think him one of the most pure and virtuous men I know."

As might have been expected from the character of the man to whom this letter was addressed, Clarkson was appointed. Thirty-two years after, Dewitt Clinton, then Governor of New York, in a public address, thus spoke of General Clarkson, from whom he had long differed in politics: "No object which implicated the welfare of the human race was considered foreign to his duties. His sanction became a passport to public approbation; it encouraged virtue in its career, disarmed opposition of its power and envy of its venom. As a model for imitation, an excitement to Christian piety, to pure benevolence and to heroic virtue, his merit will be appreciated and his influence felt long after all of us are consigned to the grave."

In the present Marshal we behold a notorious bully, a frequent rioter, and a man distinguished by his unscrupulous devotion to the cause of human bondage, and for having forcibly dispersed an an

ishment and publication of *The [illegible] Philanthropist* nearly a quarter of a ceaturv ago, in Cincinnati, and *who has continued a devoted and active friend of the cause down to the present.*"

As Mr. Wattles appears to have abandoned his early anti-slavery faith and adopted in its stead the selfish and unchristian doctrine above proclaimed, and as he is not above sneering at his old associates, who remain true to the cause, we must be pardoned for suggesting that it is hardly in good taste for him to invite patronage upon the ground above set forth. The very essence of slavery is comprehended in the Atheistic principle of preferring the interest of the whites to that of the blacks, and those who adopt that principle should have the honesty to put themselves squarely upon the pro-slavery platform.

CALL FOR A NORTHERN CONVENTION.

Whereas it must be obvious to all that the American Union is constantly becoming more and more divided, by Slavery, into two distinct and antagonistic nations, between whom harmony is impossible, and even ordinary intercourse is becoming dangerous;

And whereas Slavery has now gained entire control over the three branches of our National Government, Executive, Judiciary and Legislative; has so interpreted the Constitution as to deny the right of Congress to establish freedom even in the Territories, and by the same process has removed all legal protection from a large portion of the people of the free States, and has inflicted, at many times and places, outrages far greater than those which our fathers rose in arms to repel;

And whereas there seems no probability that the future will, in these respects, be different from the past, under existing State relations;

The undersigned respectfully invite their fellow-citizens of the Free States to meet in Convention, at ——, in October, 1857, to consider the practicability, probability, and expediency of a separation of the Free and Slave States, and to take such other measures as the condition of the times may require.

LEGAL VOTERS.	OTHER PERSONS.

Names to be returned to J. A. Howland, Worcester, Mass

FEELING THE PRESSURE.—Lower law ministers and deacons, not many years ago, ruled the Churches of New England with unrelenting sway, tabooing without mercy every young clergyman who dared to take a decided stand in favour of anti-slavery and kindred reforms. Claiming the right to preach as often as they chose in favour of the Fugitive Slave law and other measures of despotism, they yet employed their whole power to crush such of their brethren as ventured, however timidly, to condemn slave-catching, denouncing them as "political preachers" and insinuating doubts of their soundness in the evangelical faith. The New England Church is yet far enough from a true anti-slavery position, but the tide has so far turned that the hunker parsons, instead of ruling as formerly, are now compelled to act on the defensive. The staff of power having passed from their hands, they regard themselves as a persecuted class, and often vent their rage and disappointment through some congenial channel. In a late number of the *New York Observer*, for instance, we find a most lugubrious complaint from a Massachusetts minister, from which we copy this passage:

"But we call any one to witness that the spirit of Congregationalism, as represented by the *Congregationalist* and *Independent*, has always been more tolerant of Universalism, of Unitarianism, of doctrines preached in the Boston Music Hall, and of doctrines insidiously taught by the *New York Tribune*, than it has ever been of men of acknowledged Christian character, working with all Christians everywhere for the good of man, but who have dared to think about some things unadvised by these papers. That they have been or may continue to be devoted pastors and faithful preachers is not of the slightest moment. Can they say shibboleth to the subject of slavery? That is the test to be applied. Is this Congregationalism? Then may we be incurable heretics."

Complaints like this are hopeful symptoms of the state of public opinion. The pulpit champions of lower law Atheism, in some portions of the country, *feel* that they are losing caste, and look at the future with ominous forebodings. In their extremity they turn against their own brethren the very weapon which they have so long and so dishonestly employed against the Abolitionists, charging them, indirectly at least, with preferring heretics and infidels to evangelical apologists and defenders of slavery. We only wish, in this case, that the charge had a better foundation.

THE *Free Presbyterian*, the organ of the Church whose name it bears, has been edited from its commencement—a period of some seven or eight years—by the Rev. JOSEPH GORDON, under whose management it has been as fearless and uncompromising in its hostility to slavery as in its support of Evangelical Orthodoxy. Regarding slavery as a sin, and repudiating the casuistry by which ambitious and unscrupulous religious demagogues have sought to justify or excuse the continuance of the system in the Church, it has steadily and earnestly maintained the duty of Christians to have no fellowship therewith. We regret to see Mr. Gordon's announcement of his purpose to leave the paper, a few weeks hence, at the conclusion of the present volume, the more because he has been compelled to take this step on account of feeble health and pecuniary loss sustained in its publication. The Free Presbyterians will be fortunate indeed if they secure the services of another editor of equal ability, earnestness and fidelity.

—We observe with regret that a disposition has been manifested of late by some Free Presbyterians, who, we suppose, are tired of the struggle to maintain an anti-slavery Church, to unite with the New School Assembly! Mr. Gordon, of course, was prompt to expose the inconsistency of such a measure. It was assumed by those who made the proposition that the New School Church was about to purify itself from the stain of slavery, than which there could scarcely be a greater mistake, since even if Dr. Ross succeeds in organizing a Southern Church, there will still be left in the New School slaveholders and doughfaces enough to dictate its policy.

EXTRACT OF A LETTER to Parker Pillsbury, from a gentleman in Manchester, England, widely connected with the trade of this country. He has a beautiful coloured wife and is a glorious fellow, but we won't name him:

"*Your* friends may always count me as their friend also, because I know they all will be true men, but never shall a Southern man cross my threshold. Why don't the Northerners do likewise? I have slighted the rites of hospitality and endangered the character of English kindliness, and I find it very easy to do so. Why don't the Northern men do the same?

"Pray try (if you can find occasion) to make your countrymen a little ashamed of their riotous and factious conduct. It is treason to liberty. It is a rejoicing to despots and a cause of shamefacedness to lovers of freedom. Every bullet fired in the streets of New York finds its ultimate destination in the heart of some European patriot—indeed is aimed thereat in reality. While these things last, let us, at least, have none of the sickening mouthings of sympathy for European Freedom.

"I wish I could write as you can. I am eaten up with business and broken health. But I would like to come and face your folk, and tell them the unflattering truth: Shame and enslavement are God's retribution on those who help to fasten them on others."

THE *Free Presbyterian* copies our "explanation and correction" of an article we lately copied from its columns, relating to the author of "The Autobiography of a Female Slave," and says:

"The above seems to demand a word of explanation from us. We can only say that the article in question came to us unsolicited, from a source that we supposed worthy of the highest credit. Of the alleged facts which it detailed we know nothing whatever personally. We published the article hoping thereby to aid in the circulation of the book, and thus not only forward the anti-slavery cause, but assist the authoress in her praiseworthy and philanthropic purposes to her slaves. If any of the statements of the article are untrue and 'calculated to give pain to the subject of it, and do her injury,' we can only express our profound regret that they should have appeared in our columns."

We have never doubted that the motives of the *Free Presbyterian*, in publishing the article alluded to, were as above stated; and it was not our intention to impute blame to that paper.

THE JERRY RESCUE ANNIVERSARY will be celebrated at Syracuse on Tuesday, Oct. 1st. The official call will be found in another column. On the preceding Tuesday and Wednesday the American *Abolition* Society (the latest phase of "New Organization") will hold its annual meeting at the same place.

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE, No. 693, opens with a paper of more than ordinary interest, viz.: a review of the Life and Writings of Charlotte Bronte, from the (London) *National Review*. This is followed by the story of Helena Mathewson, from *Household Words;* and this again by an elaborate critique of the writings of Lord Brougham. There is the usual variety of shorter articles and poetry. 321 Broadway.

WENDELL PHILLIPS delivered an address, on Tuesday last, before the Undergraduates' Societies of Brown University (Providence, R. I.), upon "Education in the broadest sense of the term." On the same day, and before the same institution, the Rev. Dr. Wm. S. Plummer, who will be remembered by Abolitionists of 1835–6 as the champion of slavery and lynch-law, and who is now Professor in the Old School Presbyterian Theological Seminary at Alleghany, Pa., delivered an oration on behalf of the Society of Missionary Inquiry, upon "The Destiny of the United States, and the Duty consequent upon that Destiny."

From our Boston Correspondent.

NO. CCXIII.

THE ARGUMENT.—The Correspondent is meteorologically optimistic—He praiseth the Weather and speaketh hopefully of the Crops—He rejoiceth in the goodness of Gov. Gardner—He singeth his praises—And prophesieth of his success—He magnifieth the Abolitionists—The deadness of the Season—How relieved by Sigma—Whose dogs he digged up—And why?—His idiosyncrasy—And his Book—A quadrupedal illustration—A new law of evidence—Who chastised him and from whom is the giving of gruel expected—The Correspondent's fear as to Mr. Garrison and Mr. Pillsbury—He relateth his own perils of popularity.

BOSTON, August 31, 1857.

THE last of Summer! And the last rose fâded long ago! Well, it has been a very beautiful one and has suited me entirely. Whether I should have liked it equally well had I had large crops of corn and potatoes dependent on the kindly alchemy of the skies and suns I cannot say; but, as I am not the Clerk of the Weather, and so in nowise responsible for any of its shortcomings, I am exceedingly well satisfied with the way in which it has behaved itself. The abundant rains have kept everything so fresh and green that it has been a constant pleasure to look out on the trees and fields. This year, at least, New England has been as green as Old England, or, at any rate, as green as any country with a due regard to appearances has any occasion to be. I should be very happy to compound for no worse seasons for the rest of my natural life. I have no doubt the corn and potatoes will take very good care of themselves, after all. I have noticed that they generally do, even in years when the greatest lamentation is made over them.

We are greatly comforted hereabouts by the assurance that Governor Gardner may be prevailed upon to reign over us yet another year. He is very reluctant to do so, and nothing but the sternest sense of duty could bring him to consent to a thing so utterly distasteful to him. Last year, it seems, he struggled in vain against the importunities of the sovereign people, and cried "I won't be Governor!" as sturdily as ever bishop did "nolo episcopari!" and to no purpose. He was forced to yield to the call of his country and come up to her help against the mighty. Had it not been for him, the excellent Judge Loring, who, in the discharge of his proper duty as guardian of the widow, the orphan and those that have none to help them, restored Anthony Burns to his natural guardian, from whose paternal care he had rashly withdrawn himself, had it not been for him, I say, that exemplary magistrate might have been sent to grass as the reward of his humane interposition. And Governor Gardner it was, too, who stopped Massachusetts from sending twopence-ha'penny to her prodigal sons in Kansas. So the demand for an extended term of service comes up loud and strong; and if only loud and strong enough, he will wrestle with his carnal man and consent to bless us with his care yet another year. There can be no doubt of the fact of his extreme unwillingness to take charge of us all again, for he distinctly stated it himself, in a speech last week at Dorchester, which of course puts the fact beyond all question.

He said another thing in the same speech which, I apprehend, even the small body of malignants who might presume to doubt the truth of that assertion (supposing the existence of such miscreants possible) will be inclined to think likely. And that is, that whoever the Know-Nothing Convention, to meet next week somewhere, may nominate, will be elected. This somebody of course will be Mr. Gardner himself, and as he will have the support of all the Know-Nothings proper (if there be any proper ones), of the Hunker Whigs and of a large detachment of the Democrats, he can hardly fail of a plurality. The Democrats will make a nomination, as the Whigs did two years ago; but, like the Whigs, they will chiefly vote for Gardner, for the purpose of defeating the Republican candidate, Mr. Banks. This is the more likely, as there is a serious split among the Republicans themselves, touching Mr. Banks, which will probably take off from his vote more than he can afford to lose. We Abolitionists are in a state of blissful indifference, like the gods of Epicurus, on the subject, and shall look down on the contest from our serene height, with calm philosophy, sure of the satisfaction of seeing one or the other of the candidates beaten. It is a crowning satisfaction of our position that, though we can rejoice in the election of hardly anybody, we have the keenest enjoyment of the defeat of almost everybody. Mr. Buchanan's entry into the White House could afford us no possible pleasure; but it was perfectly delicious to see Frank Pierce kicked out of it.

The last month has been so dead a time that we should have been almost as dead as it, had not poor old Sigma disinterred Mr. Pillsbury's dogs for our entertainment. We really had thought that those ill-fated animals had been finally disposed of, after they had been knocked on the head so often. And so, indeed, they were, dead as all lies finally are, when the Sexton of the Old School smelt them out, and, indulging the taste, which seems to amount to a passion in his case, for carrion, he dug them up and flourished them before the tea-tables of Boston in our little gossipping *Transcript*. He found the poor beasts in the newspapers, from which he has been in the habit of cutting out all the disgusting stories about dead people for the last half century, and which he has collected into a horrible book—a printed Golgotha, a Charnel-house, in two volumes, *octavo*—called "Dealings with the Dead." So it came to pass that Mr. Pillsbury's poor curs even were not suffered to rest in their graves. You remember all about that matter—how Mr. Pillsbury, by way of enforcing the wickedness of degrading men to the estate of brutes, supposed the opposite case of treating brutes like men and administering to them the sacraments of religion. Nothing could be more pat, and his illustration, like his dogs, "*went on all fours.*" And no fair-minded person hearing it in the connection of the text could see the slightest impropriety in it. In fact, there is scarcely a sermon of the most orthodox of divines which has not illustrations which, taken entirely out of the connection in which they were used, might not be tortured into worse blasphemy than this one.

Well, Mr. Pillsbury stated the simple truth of the case, in the calmest and most dispassionate manner. Sigma was called on for his proofs, which consisted of the original libel in an Essex County paper—I forget its name—backed up by a letter from *an anonymous individual who was not present at the time the things happened he testified to!* Mr. Garrison then felt it was time for him to step in, which he did, and administered a chastisement that made the poor old creature roar again. It gave him an opportunity, however, of dodging the issue he had raised as to the truth of the dog-story—which was flatly denied and the burden of proof thrown on him—of which he availed himself by attacking Mr. Garrison about *the Sabbath Convention* held here several years ago! In doing this he emptied his vocabulary of abusive epithets—the only particular in which his style is rich—upon Mr. Garrison, Mrs. Mott and all and singular who had anything to do with that Convention. But the comical thing, and what shows how very shallow he is in his reading, was to see him belabouring, or rather beslavering, persons so infinitely superior to himself in all intellectual and moral qualities, for holding the opinions on the Sabbath not merely of Calvin and Luther and the early Reformers—which he may not have known, as it would imply some learning, to which, I should judge, he makes no pretensions—but of divines of his own persuasion (he being a Churchman, as I am told), of the highest rank, among them the very first of all in point of emicence and the fourth in point of rank, that great man, Richard Whateley the present Archbishop of Dublin! Mr. Garrison is waiting until he is done, at which time I think we may depend upon his getting his gruel.

The only thing that gives me any uneasiness, in connection with this matter, is an apprehension that Mr. Garrison and Mr. Pillsbury may be unduly elated by the popularity of which they are now the subjects. For you must know that the people of this city are so ungrateful as not to be fond of Sigma, notwithstanding the innocent hilarity his works, and especially the poetical and serious portions, have afforded them. In fact, they seem to cotton at once to anybody he attacks, and to take it for granted that whoever and whatever he assaults must be in the right. I know this from my own experience. Yes, my friends, I too have tasted the sweets of popular applause and know what it is to be the idol of a city! You may remember the Dealings I had with the Living, some seven years since, beginning in THE STANDARD and ending in *The Boston Post*. They were blest to the good of Sigma for several years. I remember I closed my correspondence by giving him the advice of Stephano of Trinculo—"ever while thou livest, keep a clean tongue in thy head!" And he remembered it for a long time. The effects of the lesson I gave him have very recently begun to wear off. Indeed, I have the credit generally given me of having silenced him—"shut him up" is the expression usually employed—for a series of years. But it was at that time that I basked in the sunshine of popular applause. When I went "down town," all State street melted into a smile. The bitterest of Hunkers sweetened as they gazed. They tenderly pressed my hand and led me by the arm into the corner of insurance offices, where they poured into my listening ear many a merry tale of the olden time. It did not last long, unhappily. But had there been an office in the gift of State street vacant then, I believe they would have taken me and compelled me to be Mayor, or sent me to Congress, in spite of all my reclamations. I hope my two excellent friends will be saved from this new form of peril—perhaps the greater from its very novelty. I will try and keep you advised of the state of their case, as it goes on.

D. Y.

Summary.

VIOLENT EXERCISE.—A young lady who was recommended to exercise for the benefit of her health, replied, "I will jump at an offer of marriage and run my own risk, if that kind of exercise will do you."

MONUMENTS TO THE DEPARTED.—A new locomotive, named the Preston S. Brooks, and ornamented with likenesses of Mr. Brooks and Judge Butler, has lately been added to the rolling stock of the South Carolina railroad.

A girl on a visit to the city, and fresh from the woods and wilds, was one day asked, "How she liked the country?" "Oh, ma'am," replied the girl, "I'd like the country very well if it was only in the city."

The Wilberforce University for coloured people in Ohio has concluded its last term with about 50 students. This is unexpectedly successful; the prospect is now favourable for a large increase the next term.

Mr. Henry O'Rielly announces that, in company with John J. Speed, John Butterfield, and others, he is about to push forward the great enterprise of connecting our Atlantic with our Pacific territory by means of the Magnetic Telegraph.

"Louis, the well-beloved," said the priest who announced the death of Louis the Fifteenth, "sleeps in the Lord." "If such a mass of laziness and lust," growls Carlyle, in reply, "sleeps in the Lord, who, think you, sleeps elsewhere?"

William Lloyd Garrison was in town on Saturday. He made a visit to the *Herald* printing office, where he learned his trade, and talked over the scenes of his earlier days. He was the guest of Mr. William Ashby.—*Letter from Newburyport in Boston Traveller.*

At the recent celebration of the West India Emancipation, at Pitsburg, Pa., a coloured orator let slip the following: "When a nation turns from God and humanity, then God catches that nation by the neck and twists it up, and hurls it down there *further than a sun's beam could catch it in a thousand years.*"

LIGHTS AND SHADOWS OF POLITICAL LIFE.—On last Saturday Judge Conrad sentenced a man named Rump to prison for two years and eight months, for the perpetration of frauds by which James Buchanan was elected to the Presidency last Fall. Mr. Buchanan now occupies the White House at Washington, and Rump is domiciled in a cell at Moyamensing.—*Philadelphia Bulletin, Aug.* 14.

A LEARNED PUNDIT.—The *Congregationalist* notices a newspaper which gave an account of the conferring of the degree of Doctor of Divinity upon a certain clergyman by an Eastern college, and the same paper, in another column, published a letter from this same clergyman, of fifty-one lines, containing nine gross errors in spelling, and more than twenty, equally gross, in punctuation!

THE WOMEN TO HAVE A VOTE.—The Kansas correspondent of the Chicago *Tribune* writes that, in consequence of the word "male" before residents being omitted, the Border Ruffians have unintentionally enfranchised the women, making them voters at the approaching October election in that Territory! The ladies will thank us for exercising the right thus unwittingly conferred upon them.

LECTURES ON THE WEST INDIES.—Rev. C. W. Denison, pastor of the Baptist church in Niagara Square, Buffalo, has undertaken a lecturing tour on slavery. He proposes to lecture on Emancipation in the West Indies, where he has spent nearly two years of careful observation, including Jamaica, Barbadoes, St. Thomas, and Demarara. He will commence his work in Maine, after attending Elihu Burritt's Convention this week at Cleveland.

WENDELL PHILLIPS AT HAMILTON COLLEGE.—On Monday evening, August 24th, the much-expected oration, by Wendell Phillips, Esq., before the Literary Societies, called together a crowded audience in the Baptist meeting-house. Subject—"Government in the Normal School of the Masses." The orator held the audience spell-bound, save when they gave vent to their feelings in the warmest applause. —*Cor. N. Y. Examiner.*

FREE NEGROES PURCHASED BY A SLAVE.—A few days ago, several free negroes were put up at auction in Norfolk County, and sold for a term sufficient to liquidate their taxes. Singular to relate four of them were purchased by a slave in Portsmouth, who felt proud of the distinction, and made known his determination to get the full value of his money out of them or know the reason why.—*Norfolk Herald, Aug.* 28.

It is understood that Mr. Hawthorne will spend a year in Italy; and then return to educate his children in their native land. He is about to prepare and publish a work which he has been for some time contemplating; and as the "Scarlet Letter" followed his retirement from one office, we may expect, as an early result of this resignation, a book in no wise inferior to that remarkable romance in power and popularity.

SLAVES LIBERATED.—Col. Thomas Hite, aided by other philanthropically disposed citizens of Jefferson County, Va., set free eighty of their slaves on Thursday last. The Colonel, as agent of the owners, accompanied them to Middleburg, Pa., when handing each individual $40 in money, and equipping them all with sufficient clothing, they were set at liberty.—*Richmond Enquirer.*

VERY SMALL BUSINESS.—There is a town in Kansas called Greeley, in honour of the well known editor of the New York *Tribune*. The inhabitants recently applied to the Post-Office Department to establish there a post office, which the Department graciously consented to do, if the inhabitants would call it *Walker!* So, anybody having friends in Greeley, Kansas, must write to "Walker," the arbitrary name of its post office, or their missives will go to the dead-letter office.

FREE NEGROES TO BE SOLD FOR DEBT.—Petitions are in circulation in Frederick and other Counties in Virginia, asking the Legislature to confer on the County Courts power to sell free negroes, where they refuse to pay their just debts, or neglect to provide for their families.

If the precedent is once introduced into Virginia of selling men who neglect to pay their just debts, we know many white men there who may well begin to shake in their shoes.—*Cin. Gazette.*

SOLOMON NORTHRUP MORBED IN CANADA.—We learn by the Streetsville (Canada) *Review*, that Solomon Northrup, the coloured man who published an account of his being kidnapped in New York and sold into slavery in the Red River country, where he remained for twelve dreary years, was recently prevented from lecturing in that place by a mob. He locked himself up to protect himself, and was eventually rescued by the Quarter-Master. It seems that all the rowdies are not on this side of the St. Lawrence.

SOUTHERN AID.—The Southern Aid Society has issued a circular calling for funds, on the ground that the Gospel seems to be more decidedly owned of God at the South than at the North, there being more Orthodox conversions in Southern than in Northern churches. If God is always on the side of numerical majorities in the *name* of religion, we ought to have a Papal Aid and a Mohammedan Aid Society. Nay, a Satan Aid Society might call for funds with the loudest voice.—*Christian Register.*

NEGRO SENTENCED TO BE HUNG.—Anthony, a slave belonging to Mr. A. G. Chewing, was tried at Amherst Court this week, for attempting to kill Mr. J. P. Campbell, overseer for David Walker, was found guilty, and condemned to be hung on the second day of October next. The Lynchburg *Virginian* says Anthony is a very valuable servant, about 32 years of age, and is said to be one of the best farmers in the country. The Court valued him at fifteen hundred and forty dollars.—*The South.*

A GOOD HEN STORY.—Mr. John Carmichael, one of the brakemen on the Boston and Lowell and Nashua and Lowell Railroads, indulges in hens, which he keeps about the car house in Boston. A few days since, when the evening passenger train arrived at Lowell, and the cars were taken into the car house, on examination to see if the wheels, axles, &c., were all in order, these hens were found roosting upon the truck-frame of one of the cars, having gone to roost there in Boston, and maintained their position till they arrived at Lowell.—*Nashua Telegraph.*

A MELANCHOLY CATALOGUE.—One of the New Orleans journals now furnishes a "List of Runaways, corrected weekly." It generally contains the names of from fifty to sixty slaves who have been arrested at various points. After the names of most of them are statements of the names of the owners, as told by the bondmen. Occasionally there is a notice that the captive asserts his freedom. We are left to conjecture whether he ever *gets* it, and that conjecture is unfavourable, as they have a practice of selling negroes "down South," whether really bond or free, "to pay jail fees."—*Phil. Sunday Dispatch.*

STAMPEDE OF SLAVES.—On Saturday, a number of slaves, belonging to various citizens of the District, obtained a covered wagon, under pretence of going to camp-meeting in the adjoining County. They departed, but have not returned, and their owners have reason to believe that they have emigrated by the Underground Railroad. Some fifteen slaves are missing, most of them belonging in this city and County. Among the losers are Messrs. Linton, Randolph Harbaugh and Isaac Scaggs. Officers have been in search of the fugitives, but up to this time none have been recovered.—*Washington Star, Aug.* 25.

MISS SUSAN B. ANTHONY.—It may be interesting to our readers to know that this prominent lady, who took such a conspicuous part in the late Teachers' Association in this village, carries out practically her principles of independence. She resides at Rochester, and supports herself by raising raspberries from land given to her by her father; as she will not be a teacher for the meagre compensation allowed to female teachers. She may therefore be called a practical farmer, and her particular line of business may account for the fact that she is such a *thorn* at our Conventions, and to the men in debate.—*Broome Republican.*

KIDNAPPING FREE NEGROES.—The Sheriff of Mississippi County, Mo., advertises a negro who was seized at Cairo, in Illinois, and is now in jail in Charleston in Missouri, to be sold into slavery, unless somebody comes to claim him as a slave before the day of sale. It would seem from a similar advertisement in the Cape Girardeau (Missouri) *Eagle*, that a black man who was seized in or near Cairo, is also in jail at that place, and is announced to be sold. By what right do Missourians kidnap and carry away free negroes from Illinois?—*Cincinnati Gazette.*

Ascending the White Mountains is no joke. On Saturday, a party of ten left the glen, on foot, to make the ascent, and found, after attaining a considerable elevation, that the penetrating mists and terrible cold had not been sufficiently considered at the start. When, within a short distance of the summit, one gentleman, not yet inured to the severity of our climate, became separated from his companions, and was so affected by the cold and dampness that he could not shake off that deathly drowsiness always experienced by freezing persons. He lay down in the road, fell asleep, and was only rescued from his peril by the efforts of two others of the party who happened to return in good time.

THE PERSONALITY OF THE DEVIL.—A venerable Christian, who has spent his life in battling the spirit of evil, assures us that the devil is no myth, no allegory, but a real personality. He says it is utterly impossible that the Democratic party could have reached its present height of wickedness, could have perpetrated so many outrages upon liberty and civilization and all the true interests of the country, and yet sustain itself in power, unless it was under the leadership of that personage. No mere mortal iniquity could accomplish such results.—*Providence Journal.*

A PRINCESS OF MOROCCO.—This morning the George Page landed a very aged negro woman, who gave the following history of herself: She was born in this country, but was the child of the sister of (as she states) the present Queen of Morocco. She was reared by a Quaker family in Newbern or Edenton, North Carolina, and was set free by them. Having a great desire to see her royal relative, at the age of nearly ninety, she starts on foot for New York, where a gentleman has offered to procure her a passage to Morocco. Most of the way from North Carolina she has travelled on foot, carrying a bundle weighing not less than fifty pounds.—*Wash. Union, August* 29.

P. T. Barnum will sail in the Arabia on the 2d of September to rejoin his family in London, where he intends to live the remainder of his days; and this is the last visit he will ever make to America. He came over here a few weeks ago to obtain the evidence necessary to enable him to get the benefit of the English bankrupt law, for which his petition is now pending. He has succeeded in getting this evidence, and will return to the mother country to enjoy, we hope, many years of comfortable repose, if repose be his object, or of prosperous activity, if he designs further exercise of his peculiar talents. —*Boston Post.*

CHEEVER ON SLAVERY.—Again the warning note against slavery comes to us from across the Atlantic. Ohio has planted itself in resolute opposition to the infamous Dred Scott decision. In New York on the other hand, sixteen members and office-bearers in Dr. Cheever's Church have called upon him to resign in consequence of that series of noble lectures against slavery *reviewed in our last number*. To this dreadful, and disastrous, and ever-widening bane of American society we may apply the words of Victor Hugo in reference to another subject, "Yesterday it was a sore, to-day it is an ulcer, to-morrow it will be a cancer, eating into the vitals, gnawing at the heart."—*London Baptist Magazine.*

SPIRITUALISM IN LONDON, after a temporary discredit, is coming again into vogue. Wonderful things are told of symbolic drawings involuntarily traced, under certain conditions, by a stripling—son of Dr. James John Garth Wilkinson, the well-known translator of Swedenborg, to whose robust and imaginative intellect so high a compliment has been paid by Mr. Emerson in his "English Traits." Sir Edward Bulwer Lytton and Mr. Ruskin, among other notabilities, have been to Hampstead to see the drawings—Sir Edward viewing them with childlike wonder, and Mr. Ruskin, with his artist's eye, pronouncing them unprecedentedly and superhumanly beautiful."—*Extract of private letter in the Tribune.*

DUTCH SLAVERY.—*The Echo*, of the Hague, says: "We have now before us three bills for the abolition of slavery in the West Indies, just presented by the Minister of the Colonies to the second Chamber. From a rapid examination we can affirm they only nominally abolish slavery. According to these projects government will disburse a sum exceeding twelve millions of florins to purchase slaves, who are afterwards to be allowed to continue to work for their masters as previously, or to labour under the direction of the public functionaries; but they are not to receive their real liberty until they shall have reimbursed the expenses of their pretended emancipation, and shall also have gained the consent of the authorities."

LANCASTER KIDNAPPING CASE.—At the late Lancaster County Sessions, Anna Brown was sentenced to seven years imprisonment in the Eastern Penitentiary for kidnapping. It will be remembered that the woman Brown, who is a mulatto, purveigled a little girl of 12 years, named Bailey, in Philadelphia, some time ago, on some specious pretence, on board of the Lancaster cars, took her to Lancaster city, and after keeping her there a couple of weeks offered her for sale for $250, at the same time pretending the child was her daughter. The facts were all clearly proven, and it was well that the attempt at sale was not made in Richmond or Baltimore, or the child would have been sold into hopeless slavery.—*Lancaster (Pa.) Times.*

THE SLAVER JUPITER.—A schooner named the *Jupiter* carrying American colours, is reported to have been seized on the 15th of July, at Agbwey, on the west coast of Africa, with a number of slaves on board. Whence is this *Jupiter!* Is she a New Yorker? and who owns her? Some of the wise ones say that she is, though no such schooner is registered at the New York Custom House. It is not improbable that she did go from here, having changed her name after leaving port. Parties who profess to be posted, say they could lay their hands any and every week on a slaver leaving this port, and that they would do so and furnish ample business for the United States Courts, if it were possible to condemn a vessel after she was seized, and get anything like a decent share of the spoils.—*N. Y. Times.*

UNDERGROUND RAILROAD OPERATIONS.—The Dover (Delaware) *Reporter* says: "Several negroes have run away during our camp-meetings. A very valuable negro woman, worth at least $500, belonging to Mrs. S. E. Spicer, of Sussex County, is gone. Capt. Hugh Martin, John Chipman, Mr. Philips, Mr. Horsey, each have lost valuable negro men."

A slave, who was endeavouring to make his way to the North, was captured in New Market, Va., on Sunday last, by F. H. Stonsiffer, and brought to Harrisburg on Monday, when he was committed to jail. He employed a novel expedient to avoid detection. He was dressed in woman's clothes, with a wig made of a horse's mane. He hoped by this disguise to avoid the vigilance of those who are ever on the alert to capture runaway negroes. The negro was armed with a bowie knife and revolver, and when approached by Mr. Stonsiffer, offered a violent resistance, but was at last overpowered.

A LITERARY MAN IN CONGRESS.—The following is said to be a literal copy of a letter received from a new member of the House of Representatives from one of the Western States, by the publisher of a paper:

"Dear sir, you will plense find two dollars enclosed for the payment of the ——, you have been kind enough to send me your paper for the last nine Months—and we are told from the best orthority that the laborer is worthy his hairer—I must say yours is a very good county paper so faire as General news is conserned—as to the Political part of the paper—according to my opinion will fall short to some extent the principeals taught by our four fathers but you are very young and I hope your will improve ours truly."

The promotion of such a writer as this must go far to compensate the literary world for the defeat of Thackeray and the removal of Hawthorne.—*Boston Traveller.*

PARSON-DUCKING IN MISSOURI.—A large number of our professional and business citizens have been journeying out West, looking at town sites, corner lots, areas for the extension of freedom, slavery, etc. They have observed many interesting things, and have come home chock full of anecdote. One of them was travelling northward to Gentry County, Missouri, the other day, and met a large company of people, men, women and children, journeying South, all with their "Sunday clothes" on, and the men armed for war. Our citizen inquired: "What's the matter—where are so many men going with guns?" "Why," said the six-footer addressed, who sported a sock-dolager of a rifle, "our preacher down here preached like h—l against slavery the other Sunday, and we heard that for doin' so they were comin' over from St. Joe to-day to give him a duckin'. *We're a goin' to see it well done.* Say stranger, won't you go along with us?" The camp-meetin' folks armed with rifles were emancipationists.—*Cincinnati Com., 25th ult.*

LIBERTY OF SPEECH IN VIRGINIA.—The grand jury of Prince William County, Va., have found a true bill against John Underwood, for maintaining by speaking that an "owner has no right of property in his slaves," &c., and he has been held to bail in the sum of $500 for his appearance at the November court. *The Brentsville Journal* says: "This case has created the most intense interest and excitement, being the first case of the kind that has ever occurred in our county. The fact that Mr. Underwood is a Justice of the Peace for this county has tended in no small degree to add to the excitement, and has called forth violent expressions of feeling in regard to the matter."

It is not pretended, we believe, that Mr. Underwood uttered his sentiments in the hearing of slaves, or in any such way as to produce discontent or insubordination among them. His case affords an illustration of the slavery to which the white race themselves are subjected in the region of slavery, and which allows no more freedom of speech than was permitted under the inquisition in Spain.

BOGUS SUNDAY SCHOOLS.—We wish to caution the public against the fraudulent collectors for these pretended Sunday Schools. They are very numerous and very busy about these days. They swarm in the city, and beside are represented by men and women too at Saratoga, Boston and other places, all collecting vast sums of money and giving scarce anything at all in return. Two good-looking women from this city were recently brought up by the police in Boston. One of the collectors presented his book a few days since for money, and evidence was there found that he alone had already collected $3,400! Three thousand four hundred dollars for a small school that ought not to cost $400 per year. Good Christian men had given $5 and $10 each to reach the destitute of the city, and it went to support collectors and their associates, who go into it merely for a living. We speak what we do know. It is money thrown away. Some obtain the recommendation of good pastors who are too good-natured to refuse and too lazy to investigate, and thus unwittingly give their sanction to that which is a reproach.—*Tribune.*

A SIGNIFICANT VOTE.—The Southern Commercial Convention adjourned a few days ago. Among the earliest resolutions reported favourably to the Convention were those of Mr. Bryan, of South Carolina, recommending the *abrogation* of so much of the Ashburton Treaty of 1842, between the United States and Great Britain, *as provides for the presence of a United States squadron on the coast of Africa to aid in the prevention of the slave trade.* An amendment to these resolutions, designed to guard their purport from misconstruction, and declaring that, in the opinion of the Convention, "it is contrary to the settled policy of the country to repeal the laws prohibitory of the African slave trade," was, after an animated debate, *lost by a vote of 40 yeas against 51 nays*—a majority of the Convention thereby refusing to pronounce an opinion adverse to the revival of this traffic.

This is a significant vote. It developes a growing purpose at the South to revive the slave trade. And this purpose will soon be made a distinct issue. The South is growing more and more insolent every day, and it will only be quiet when the whole people concede to slavery the right to do just what it shall please.—*Albany Evening Journal.*

THE SOUTHERN ATLANTIC STEAM FERRY.—*The Richmond Enquirer* says that the "magnificent scheme of A. Dudley Mann is arousing the South from its slumbers," and "is even exciting the admiration of the reliable friends of the Union in the North." For instance, a New York merchant writes them a letter in which he regards the project of Mr. Mann as "a project unsurpassed in the grandeur of its conception. I am prepared to subscribe my name for a share in the stock—the largest amount permitted to one individual."

This is good; but mark what follows. Says the *Enquirer*:

"This is certainly very encouraging, but not more so than our intelligence from Washington. We learn that the President, as James Buchanan, of Wheatland, Pa., heads the list for the District of Columbia. When the prospectus was presented to him, we understand that he read it with his habitual care, and, remarking that he would take a share with the greatest pleasure, immediately signed his name. This is precisely what might have been expected from one who has ever been so fair to the South and so true to the Union."

Better and better. Who can doubt now the success of Mr. Mann's four gigantic Atlantic steam ferry boats? They will only require seven millions to start them; and if everybody will take one share—a hundred dollars—the sum of seven millions will soon be covered. The Convention at Old Point subscribed eight thousand dollars, which was something; and the share taken by the New York merchant and the share taken by Mr. Buchanan show that the good work is going on. We think the stock might now be tried in Wall street or Tammany Hall.—*N. Y. Herald.*

WHAT THE TROOPS ARE DOING IN LAWRENCE (Kansas) is to the world no longer a mystery. They have recently adopted the practice of riding about town and calling on all the ladies they could get an introduction to, and sometimes they have called unceremoniously without an introduction. They are usually drunk when upon this gallant mission. In most cases, these intruders have been very coolly and scornfully rebuked. But a darker chapter is untold. A few nights since, between twelve and one o'clock, one of the officers called at a house in Massachusetts street and attempted to force an entrance. He tried the door, then the windows, then the door again. None but ladies were in the apartment. They were greatly alarmed, and cried out "Who's there?" He answered, in a low voice, "*Me, me*, a friend." "Go away; who are you, about this house at this hour of the night?" she cried. "Let me in," he replied, "you won't be hurt." She again told him to leave immediately and cried to the top of her voice for help. For several minutes he continued to try the door and windows, and the ladies continued greatly alarmed and remonstrated with him with all the force indignant womanhood could command. One of them had found a Sharp's rifle and made towards the door with it, fully determined to shoot him if he did not leave. As she neared the door another lady cried out "Be quick; blow his brains out," at which the officer hastily left and was not seen again. The ladies say they had never fired a Sharp's rifle, and did their utmost to discharge it then, but were unable to pull the trigger in the dark. Since that time they have been practising with both a rifle and revolver, and they now declare, if the wretch ever appears there again, they shall greet him with cold lead at the door. Great is the army of the United States! Great is king Robert, who can find nothing else for his soldiers to do but insult the ladies of Lawrence! —*Missouri Democrat.* RANDOLPH.

A MARYLAND SHERIFF IN LIMBO—STEALING AND SELLING A FREE NEGRO.—A most high-handed outrage, recently perpetrated in Cecil County, has come to light within the last few days. We have been put in possession of the full particulars of the case, which are as follows: Some time since a negro prisoner escaped from the jail at Elkton, and John Poole, the sheriff of the County, who also fills the office of jailer, proposed to a coloured boy named Talbott, who turns out to have been free, but who was then in his custody (having been confined for disturbing a religious meeting in the vicinity of Principio), to assist him in capturing the fugitive. Poole took the boy Talbott to Richmond, Va., and there offered him for sale as a slave; the boy stoutly protested that he was free, told where he was from, with whom he had

Miscellaneous Department.

THE WITCH'S DAUGHTER.

BY JOHN G. WHITTIER.

It was the pleasant harvest time,
When cellar-bins are closely stowed,
And garreta bend beneath their load,

And the old swallow-haunted barns—
Brown-gabled, long, and full of seams
Through which the moted sunlight streams,

And winds blow freshly in, to shake
The red plumes of the roosted cocks,
And the loose hay-mow's scented locks—

Are filled with summer's ripened stores,
Its odorous grass and grained sheaves,
From their low scaffolds to their eaves.

On Esek Harden's oaken floor,
With many an autumn threshing worn,
Lay the heaped ears of unhusked corn.

And thither came young men and maids,
Beneath a moon that, large and low,
Lit that sweet eve of long ago.

They took their places, some by chance,
And others by a merry voice
Or sweet smile guided to their choice.

How pleasantly the rising moon,
Between the shadow of the mows,
Looked on them through the great elm boughs!—

On sturdy boyhood sun-embrowned,
On girlhood with its solid curves
Of healthful strength and painless nerves!

And jests went round, and laughter made
The house-dog answer with his howl,
And kept astir the barn-yard fowl;

And quaint old songs their fathers sung,
In Derby dales and Yorkshire moors,
Ere Norman William trod their shores;

And tales, whose merry license shook
The fat sides of the Saxon thane,
Forgetful of the hovering Dane!

But still the sweetest voice was mute,
That river valley ever heard,
From lip of maid or throat of bird;

For Mabel Martin sat apart,
And let the hay-mow's shadow fall
Upon the loveliest face of all.

She sat apart, as one forbid,
Who knew that none would condescend
To own the Witch's child a friend.

The seasons scarce had gone their round,
Since curious thousands thronged to see
Her mother on the gallows-tree;

And mocked the palsied limbs of age,
That faltered on the fatal stairs,
And wan lip trembling with its prayers!

Few questioned of the sorrowing child,
Or, when they saw the mother die,
Dreamed of the daughter's agony.

They went up to their homes that day,
As men and Christians justified:
God willed it, and the wretch had died!

Dear God and Father of us all,
Forgive our faith in cruel lies,
Forgive the blindness that denies!

Forgive Thy creature when he takes,
For thine all perfect love Thou art,
Some grim creation of his heart.

Cast down our idols, overturn
Our bloody altars; let us see
Thyself in Thy humanity!

Poor Mabel from her mother's grave
Crept to her desolate hearth-stone,
And wrestled with her fate alone;

With love, and anger, and despair,
The phantoms of disordered sense,
The awful doubts of Providence!

The school-boys jeered her as they passed,
And, when she sought the house of prayer,
Her mother's curse pursued her there.

And still o'er many a neighbouring door
She saw the horseshoe's curved charm,
To guard against her mother's harm—

That mother, poor and sick and lame,
Who, daily, by the old arm chair,
Folded her withered hands in prayer—

Who turned, in Salem's dreary jail,
Her worn old Bible o'er and o'er,
When her dim eyes could read no more!

Sore tried and pained, the poor girl kept
Her faith, and trusted that her way,
So dark, would somewhere meet the day.

And still her weary wheel went round
Day after day, with no relief;
Small leisure have the poor for grief.

So in the shadow Mabel sits;
Untouched by mirth she sees and hears,
Her smile is sadder than her tears.

But cruel eyes have found her out,
And cruel lips repeat her name,
And taunt her with her mother's shame.

She answered not with railing words,
But drew her apron o'er her face,
And, sobbing, glided from the place.

And, only pausing at the door,
Her sad eyes met the troubled gaze
Of one who, in her better days,

Had been her warm and steady friend,
Ere yet her mother's doom had made
Even Esek Harden half afraid.

He felt that mute appeal of tears,
And, starting, with an angry frown
Hushed all the wicked murmurs down.

"Good neighbours mine," he sternly said,
"This passes harmless mirth or jest;
I brook no insult to my guest.

"She is indeed her mother's child;
But God's sweet pity ministers
Unto no whiter soul than hers.

"Let Goody Martin rest in peace;
I never knew her harm a fly,
And, witch or not, God knows—not I.

"I know who swore her life away;
And, as God lives, I'd not condemn
An Indian dog on word of them."

The broadest lands in all the town,
The skill to guide, the power to awe,
Were Harden's; and his word was law.

None dared withstand him to his face,
But one sly maiden spake aside:
"The little witch is evil eyed!

"Her mother only killed a cow,
Or witched a churn or dairy pan,
But she, forsooth, must charm a man!"

Poor Mabel, in her lonely home,
Sat by the window's narrow pane,
While in the moonlight's silver rain,

The river, on its pebbled rim,
Made Music such as childhood knew;
The door-yard tree was whispered through,

By voices, such as childhood's ear
Had heard in moonlights long ago;
And, through the willow boughs below,

She saw the rippled water shine;
Beyond, in waves of shade and light,
The hills rolled off into the night.

Sweet sounds and pictures mocking so
The sadness of her human lot,
She saw and heard, but heeded not.

She strove to drown her sense of wrong,
And, in her old and simple way,
To teach her bitter heart to pray.

Poor child! the prayer, begun in faith,
Grew to a low, despairing cry
Of utter misery: "Let me die!

"Oh! take me from the scornful eyes,
And hide me where the cruel breathe
And mocking finger may not reach!

"I dare not breathe my mother's name;
A daughter's right I dare not crave,
To weep above her unblest grave!

"Let me not live until my heart,
With few to pity, and with none
To love me, hardens into stone.

"Oh God have mercy on Thy child,
Whose faith in thee grows weak and small,
And take me ere I lose it all!"

A shadow on the moonlight fell,
And murmuring wind and wave became
A voice whose burden was her name.

Had then God heard her? Had he sent
His angel down? In flesh and blood,
Before her Esek Harden stood!

He laid his hand upon her arm:
"Dear Mabel, this no more shall be;
Who scoffs at you, must scoff at me.

"You know rough Esek Harden well;
And if he seems no suitor gay,
And if his hair is touched with gray,

"The maiden grown shall never find
His heart less warm than when she smiled,
Upon his knees, a little child!"

Her tears of grief were tears of joy,
As, folded in his strong embrace,
She looked in Esek Harden's face.

'Oh, truest friend of all!" she said,
"God bless you for your kindly thought,
And make me worthy of my lot!"

He led her through his dewy fields,
To where the swinging lanterns glowed,
And through the doors the huskers showed.

"Good friends and neighbours!" Esek said,
"I'm weary of this lonely life;
In Mabel see my chosen wife!

"She greets you kindly, one and all;
The past is past, and all offence
Falls harmless from her innocence.

"Henceforth she stands no more alone;
You know what Esek Harden is—
He brooks no wrong to him or his."

Now let the merriest tales be told,
And let the sweetest songs be sung,
That ever made the old heart young!

For now the lost has found a home:
And a lone hearth shall brighter burn,
As all its household joys return!

Oh, pleasantly the harvest moon,
Between the shadow of the mows,
Looked on them through the great elm boughs!

On Mabel's curls of golden hair,
On Esek's shaggy strength it fell;
And the wind whispered, "It is well!"

[*Nat. Era.*

INCH BY INCH UPWARD.

Among the ashes and slag of a poor colliery village, near Newcastle-on-Tyne, in the unplastered room—with a clay floor and garret roof—that was the entire home of the family to which he was born, there came into the world, on a June day, seventy-six years ago, one of its best benefactors. The village is named Wylam. The family occupying, in the year seventeen hundred and eighty-one, one of the four labourers' apartments contained in the cottage—known as High Street House—was that of Robert Stephenson and his wife, Mabel, their only child being a two-year old boy, named James; when on the ninth of June, in the year just named, a second son was born to them, whom they called George. That was George Stephenson, the founder of the railway system.

The family continued to increase; and, by the time when George was twelve years old, he had three brothers and two sisters. He grew up in war times when bread was very dear, and it was bitterly difficult for working men to earn more than would keep body and soul together. His father, known as old Bob by the neighbours, was a fireman to the pumping-engine at the Wylam colliery, earning not more than twelve shillings a week. Bob was a lean and gentle man, who took pleasure in telling wonderful stories to the children who gathered about his engine-fire of evenings. About his engine-fire also tame robins would gather for the crumbs he spared out of his scanty dinner—for he was a man who loved all kinds of animals, and he would give no better treat to his child George than to hold him up that he might look at the young blackbirds in their nest. The mother, Mabel, was a delicate and nervous woman; who, though troubled with what neighbours called the rising of the vapours, had some qualities that won their admiration. A surviving neighbour, who looks back upon the couple, says of them, that "they had very little to come and go upon. They were honest folk, but sore hauddep doon in the world."

Little George carried his father's dinner to the engine, helped to tug about and nurse the children younger than himself and to keep them out of the way of the horses drawing chaldron wagons on the wooden tramroad that ran close before the threshold of the cottage door. If the rising of the vapours had made Mabel a Pythoness, she might have discovered, as she stood at the door, lines of fate in the two wooden coaplets on the road. But they only warned her of danger threatening her children while at play.

Twelve shillings a week, when times are hard, will not go far towards the support of a father, a mother, and a lapful of little children. The coal at Wylam was worked out, and old Bob's engine, which had "stood till she grew fearsome to look at," was pulled down. The poor family then followed the work to Dewley Burn; where Robert Stephenson waited as fireman on a newer engine, and set up his household in a one-roomed cottage near the centre of a group of little collier's huts that stand on the edge of a rift, bridged over here and there, because there runs along its bottom a small, babbling stream. Little George—Geordie Steevie—was then eight years old. Of course he had not been to school; but he was strong, nimble of body and of wit, and eager to begin the business of breadwinning with the least possible delay. In a neighbouring farm-house lived Grace Ainslie, a widow, whose cows had the right to graze along the wagon road. The post of keeping them out of the way of the wagons, and preventing them from trespassing on other persons' liberties, was given to George. He was to have a shilling a week, and his duty was to include barring the gates at night after the wagons had all passed.

That was the beginning of George Stephenson's career, and from it he pushed forward his fortune inch by inch upward. Of course he had certain peculiar abilities; but many may have them, yet few do good with them. George Stephenson made his own fortune, and also added largely to the wealth and general well-being of society. Our purpose is—following the details published recently by Mr. Smiles in a most faithful and elaborate biography—to show how a man may get up the hill Difficulty who is content to mount by short firm steps, keeping his eyes well upon the ground that happens to lie next before his feet.

As watcher of Grace Anslie's cows, the work of little Geordie Steevie gave him time for play. He became an authority on birds' nests, made whistles of reeds and straws; and, with Tom Tholoway, his chosen playmate, had especial pleasure in the building of little clay engines with the soil of Dewley Bog: hemlock stalks being used to represent steam-pipes and other apparatus. Any child, whose father's work was to attend an engine, would have played at engines; but, in the case of George Stephenson, it is, nevertheless, a pleasure to the fancy to dwell on the fact that, as a child, he made mud-engines and not mud-pies, when playing in the dirt. When his legs were long enough to carry him across the little furrows, little George was promoted to the business of leading horses at the plough, and was trusted also to hoe turnips and to do other farm-work at the advanced wages of two shillings a week. But, his brother James—two years his senior—was then earning three shillings a week as corf-bitter or picker at the colliery; that is to say, he helped to pick out of the coal, stones, bats and dross. Upon that neat inch of progress, little George fixed his attention. Having made it good, he tried forward till he secured another inch, and received four shillings a week as driver of the gin-horse. In that capacity he was employed at the Black Callerton Colliery, two miles from Dewley Burn, whither he went early of mornings and whence he returned late of evenings, "a grit, bare-legged laddie, very quick-witted and full of fun and tricks." He bred rabbits. He knew all the nests between Black Callerton and Dewley; brought home young birds when they were old enough; fed them, and tamed them. One of his tame blackbirds flew all day in and out of and about the cottage, roosting at night on the bedhead; but she disappeared during the summer months, to do her proper duty as a bird, duly returning in the winter.

As driver of the gin-horse, Geordie Steevie fixed his eye upon the post of assistant-fireman to his father at the Dewley engine. At the early age of fourteen, he got that promotion, and his wages became six shillings a week. He was then so young that he used to hide when the owner of the colliery came round, lest he should think him too small for his place.

The coal at Dewley Burn was worked out; and the Stephensons again moved to Jolly's Close, a little row of cottages shut in between steep banks. The family was now helped by the earnings of the children; and, out of the united incomes of its members, made thirty-five shillings or two pounds a week. But the boys, as they grew older, grew hungrier, and the war with Napoleon was then raising the price of wheat from fifty-four shillings to one hundred and thirty shillings a quarter. It was still hard to live. George, at fifteen years old—a big and bony boy—was promoted to the full office of fireman at a new working, the Midmill winning, where he had a young friend, named Bill Coe, for his mate. But the Midmill engine was a very little one, and the nominal increase of dignity was not attended with increase of wages. George's ambition was to attain rank as soon as possible as a full workman, and to earn as good wages as those his father had, twelve shillings a week. He was steady, sober, indefatigable in his work, ready of wit, and physically strong. It was a great pleasure to him to compete with his associates in lifting heavy weights, throwing the hammer, and putting the stone. He once lifted as much as sixty stone. Midmill pit being closed, George and his friend Coe were sent to work another pumping-engine, fixed near Throchley Bridge. While there, his work was adjudged worthy of a man's hire. One Saturday evening the foreman paid him twelve shillings for a week's work, and told him that he was, from that date, advanced. When he came out, he told his fellow-workmen his good fortune, and declared in triumph: "Now I am a made man for life."

He had reached inch by inch the natural object of a boy's ambition—to be man enough to do what he has seen done by his father. But he was man enough for more than that. By natural ability joined to unflagging industry he still won his way slowly up; and, at the age of seventeen, worked in a new pit at the same engine with his father; the son taking the higher place as engine-man, and Old Bob being still a fireman as he had been from the first.

It was the duty of the engine-man to watch the engine, to correct a certain class of hitches in its working, and, when anything was wrong that he could not put right, to send word to the chief engineer. George Stephenson fell in love with his engine, and was never tired of watching it. In leisure hours, when his companions went to their sports, he took his machine to pieces, cleaned every part of it, and put it together again. Thus he not only kept it in admirable working order, but became intimately acquainted with all its parts and knew their use. He acquired credit for devotion to his work, and really was devoted to it; at the same time he acquired a kind of knowledge that would help him to get an inch higher in the world.

But, there was another kind of knowledge necessary. At the age of eighteen he could not read; he could not write his name. His father had been too poor to afford any schooling to the children. He was then getting his friend Coe to teach him the mystery of brakeing, that he might, when opportunity occurred, advance to the post of brakesman—next above that which he held. He became curious also to know definitely something about the famous engines that were in those days planned by Watt and Bolton. The desire for knowledge taught him the necessity of learning to read books.

The brave young man resolved therefore to learn his letters and make pot-hooks at a night-school among a few colliers' sons, who paid threepence a week each to a poor teacher at Welbottle. At the age of nineteen, he could write his name. A night-school was set up by a Scotchman within a few minutes' walk of Jolly's Close; and to this George Stephenson removed himself. The Scotchman had much credit for his mastery of arithmetic. He knew as far as reduction. George fastened upon arithmetic with an especial zeal, and was more apt than any other pupil for the study. In no very long time he had worked out all that could be yielded to him by the dominie. While thus engaged, the young man was getting lessons from his friend Coe in brakeing; and with Coe's help, persisting in them against dogged opposition from some of the old hands. At the age of twenty, being perfectly steady and trustworthy as a workman, he obtained the place of brakesman at the Dolly Pit, Black Callerton; with wages varying from seventeen and sixpence to a pound a week. But, wheat then cost nearly six pounds the quarter.

George was ambitious to save a guinea or two, because he was in love with something better able to return his good-will than a steam-engine. In leisure hours he turned his mechanical dexterity to the business of mending the shoes of his fellow-workmen, and advanced from mending to the making both of shoes and lasts. This addition to his daily twelve hours labour at the colliery, made some little addition to his weekly earnings. It enabled him to save his first guinea, and encouraged him to think the more of marrying Fanny Henderson, a pretty servant in a neighbouring farm-house; sweet-tempered, sensible and good. He once had shoes of hers to mend, and, as he carried them to her one Sunday evening with a friend, he could not help pulling them out of his pocket every now and then to admire them, because they were hers, and to bid his companion observe what a capital job he had made of them.

George Stephenson still enjoyed exercise in feats of agility and strength; still spent a part of each idle afternoon on the pay Saturday in taking his engine to pieces; cleaning it and pondering over the uses and values of its parts. He was a model workman in the eyes of his employers; never missing a day's wages through idleness or indiscretion, spending none of his evenings in public-houses, avoiding the dog-fights and cock-fights and man-fights in which pitmen delighted. Once, indeed, being insulted by Ned Nelson, the bully of the pit, young Stephenson disdained to quail before him, though he was a great fighter, and a man with whom it was considered dangerous to quarrel. Nelson challenged him to a pitched battle, and the challenge was accepted. Everybody said Stephenson would be killed. The young men and boys came round him with awe, to ask whether it was true that he was "goin' to feight Nelson." "Aye," he said, "never fear for me, I'll feight him." Nelson left off work to go into training. Stephenson worked on as usual; went from a day's labour to the field of battle and on the appointed evening, and, with his strong muscle and hard bone put down the bully, as he never for a moment doubted that he would.

As a brakesman, George Stephenson had been removed to Willington Ballast Quay, when, at the age of twenty-one, he signed his name in the register of Newborn Church as the husband of Fanny Henderson; and seating her behind him on a pillion upon a stout farm horse borrowed from her sister's master, with the sister as bridesmaid and a friend as bridesman, he went first to his father and mother—who were growing old, and struggling against poverty in Jolly's Close—and, having paid his duty as a son to them, jolted across the country, and through the streets of Newcastle, upon a ride homeward of fifteen miles. An upper room in a small cottage at Wellington Quay was the home to which George took his bride. Thirteen months afterwards, his only son, Robert, was born there. The exercise of his mechanical skill, prompted sometimes by bold speculations of his own, amused the young husband—and the wife doubtless—of an evening. He was at work on the problem of Perpetual Motion. He had acquired reputation as a shoemaker. Accident gave rise to a yet more profitable exercise of ingenuity. Alarm of a chimney on fire caused his room to be one day flooded with soot and water by good-natured friends. His most valuable piece of furniture, the clock, was seriously injured. He could not afford to send it to a clock-maker, and resolved to try his own hand on the works; took them to pieces, studied them, and so put them together as to cure his clock in a way marvellous to all the village. He was soon asked to cure a neighbour's clock, and gradually made his title good to great fame as a clock-curer throughout the district.

After having lived three years as brakesman at Willington Quay, George Stephenson removed to Killingworth, where he was made brakesman at the West Moor Colliery. From the high ground of Killingworth, the spires of Newcastle, seven miles distant, are visible—weather and smoke permitting. At Killingworth, when they had been but two or three years married, George Stephenson's wife, Fanny, died. Soon after her death, leaving his little boy in charge of a neighbour, he marched on foot into Scotland; for he had been invited by the owners of a colliery near Montrose to superintend the working of one of Bolton and Watt's engines. For this work he received rather high wages; and, after a year's absence, he marched back again, on foot, to Killingworth, with twenty-eight pounds in his pocket. During his absence a bad accident had happened to his father. The steam-blast had been inadvertently let in upon him when he was inside an engine; it struck him in the face and blinded him for the remainder of his life. George coming home from Scotland, paid the old man's debts, removed his parents to a comfortable cottage near his own place of work at Killingworth—for he was again taken on as brakesman at the West Moor Pit—and worked for them during the remainder of their lives. At this time there was distress and riot among labourers. George was drawn for the militia, and spent the remainder of his savings on the payment of a substitute. He was so much disabled in fortune that he thought of emigrating to America, as one of his sisters was then doing in company with her husband, but—happily for his own country—he could not raise money enough to take him out of it. To a friend he afterwards said of his sorrow at this time, "You know the road from my house at the West Moor to Killingworth. I remember when I went along that road I wept bitterly, for I knew not where my lot would be cast."

It was a slight advance in independence, although no advance in fortune, when Stephenson, at the age of twenty-seven, joined two other brakesmen in taking a small contract under the lessees for brakeing the engines at the West Moor pit. The profits did not always bring him in a pound a week. His little son Robert was growing up, and he was bent firmly on giving him what he himself had lacked; the utmost attainable benefit of education in his boyhood. Therefore George spent his nights in mending clocks and watches for his neighbours, mended and made shoes, cut out lasts, even cut out the pitmen's clothes for their wives to make up, and worked at their embroidery. He turned every spare minute to account, and so wrung from a stubborn fortune power to give the first rudiments of education to his son.

At last there came a day when all the cleaning and dissecting of his engines turned to profit, and the clock-doctor won the more important character of engine-doctor. He had on various occasions suggested to the owners small contrivances which had saved wear and tear of material, or otherwise improved the working of his pit. When he was twenty-nine years old, a new pit was sunk at Killingworth—now known as the Killingworth High Pit—over which a Newcomen engine was fixed for the purpose of pumping water from the shaft. For some reason the engine failed; as one of the workmen engaged on it tells the case, "she couldn't keep her jack-head in water; all the engine-men in the neighbourhood were tried, as well as Crowther of the Ouseburn, but they were clean bet." The engine pumped to no purpose for nearly twelve months. Stephenson had observed, when he saw it built, that if there was much water in the mine that engine wouldn't keep it under, but to the opinion of a common brakesman no heed had been paid. He used often to inquire as to "how she was getting on," and the answer always was that the men were still drowned out. One Saturday afternoon George went to the High Pit, and made a close examination of the whole machine. Kit Heppel, sinker at the pit, said to him when he had done:

"Weel, Goorge, what do you mak' o' her? Do you think you could do anything to improve her?"

"Man," said George, "I could alter her and make her draw. In a week's time from this I could send you to the bottom."

The conversation was reported to Ralph Dods, the head viewer. George was known to be an ingenious and determined fellow: and, as Dods said, "the engineers hereabouts are all bet." The brakesman, therefore, was at once allowed to try his skill; he could not make matters worse than they were, and he might mend them. He was set to work at once, picked his own men to carry out the alterations he thought necessary, took the whole engine to pieces, reconstructed it, and really did, in a week's time after his talk with Heppel, clear the pit of water. This achievement brought him fame as a pump-curer. Dods made him a present of ten pounds, and he was appointed engine-man on good wages at the pit he had redeemed, until the work of sinking was completed. The job lasted about a year. Thus, at the age of thirty, Stephenson had begun to find his way across the borders of the engineer's profession. To all the wheezy engines of the neighbourhood he was called in as a professional adviser. The regular men called him a quack; but the quack perfectly understood the constitution of an engine, and worked miracles of healing. One day, as he passed a drowned quarry on his way from work, at which a windmill worked an inefficient pump, he told the men "he would set up for them an engine no bigger than a kail-pot, that would clear them out in a week." And he fulfilled his promise.

A year after his triumph at the High Pit, the engine-wright at Killingworth was killed by an accident, and George Stephenson, on Mr. Dods' recommendation, was promoted to his place by the lessees. He was appointed engine-wright to the colliery at a salary of one hundred pounds a year.

At this time of his life, Stephenson was associating with John Wigham, a farmer's son, who understood the rule of three, who had acquired some little knowledge of chemistry and natural philosophy, and who possessed a volume of Ferguson's Lectures on Mechanics. With John Wigham, Stephenson spent many leisure hours in study and experiment; learning all John could teach, and able to teach not a little out of his own thoughts in exchange for the result of John's reading. George Stephenson, at the age of thirty-three had saved a hundred guineas; and his son Robert, then taken from a village school, was sent to Bruce's academy at Newcastle.

The father had built with his own hands three rooms and an oven, in addition to the one room and a garret up a step-ladder that had been taken for his home at Killingworth. He had a little garden, in which he devoted part of his energy to the growth of monster leeks and cabbages. In the garden was a mechanical scarecrow of his own invention. The garden door was fastened by a lock of his contrivance, that none but himself could open. The house was a curiosity-shop of models and mechanical ideas. He amused people with a lamp that would burn under water, attached an alarum to the watchmen's clock, and showed women how to make a smoke-jack rock the baby's cradle. He was full of a vigorous life. Kit Heppel one day challenged him to leap from the top of one high wall to the top of another, there being a deep gap between; to his dismay he was taken at his word instantly. Stephenson cleared the eleven feet at a bound, exactly measuring his distance.

As engine-wright, Stephenson had opportunities of carrying still farther his study of the engine, as well as of turning to account the knowledge he already possessed. His ingenuity soon caused a reduction of the number of horses employed in the colliery from a hundred to fifteen or sixteen; and he had access not only to the mine at Killingworth, but to all collieries belonging to Lord Ravensworth and his partners, a firm that had been named the Grand Allies. The locomotive engine was then known to the world as a new toy, curious and costly. Stephenson had a perception of what might be done with it, and was beginning to make it the subject of his thoughts. From the education of his son Robert, he was now deriving knowledge for himself. The father entered him as a member of the Newcastle Literary and Philosophical Institution, and toiled with him over books of science borrowed from its library. Mechanical plans he read at sight, never requiring to refer to the description; "a good plan," he said, "should always explain itself." One of the secretaries of the Newcastle Institution watched with lively interest the studies of both father and son, and helped them freely to the use of books and instruments, while he assisted their endeavours with his counsels. George Stephenson was thirty-two years old, and however little he may by that time have achieved, one sees that he had accumulated in himself a store of power that would inevitably carry him on—upon his own plan of inch by inch advance—to new successes. Various experiments had been made with the new locomotive engines. One had been tried upon the Wylam tram-road, which went by the cottage in which Stephenson was born. George Stephenson brooded upon the subject, watched their failures, worked at the theory of their construction, and made it his business to see one. He felt his way to the manufacture of a better engine, and proceeded to bring the subject under the notice of the lessees of the colliery. He had acquired reputation not only as an ingenious but as a safe and prudent man. He had instituted already many improvements in the collieries. Lord Ravensworth, the principal partner, therefore authorised him to fulfil his wish; and with the greatest difficulty making workmen of some of the colliery hands, and, having the colliery blacksmith for his head assistant, he built his first locomotive in the workshops at Westmoor, and called it "My Lord." It was the first engine constructed with smooth wheels; for Stephenson never admitted the prevailing notion that contrivances were necessary to secure the adhesion. "My Lord" was called "Blutcher" by the people round about. It was first placed on the Killingworth Railway on the twenty fifth of July, eighteen hundred and fourteen, and though a cumbrous machine, was the most successful that had, up to that date, been constructed.

At the end of a year it was found that the work done by Blutcher cost about as much as the same work would have cost if done by horses. Then it occurred to Stephenson to turn the steam-pipe into the chimney, and carry the smoke up with the draught of a steam-blast. That would add to the intensity of the fire and to the rapidity with which steam could be generated. The power of the engine was, by this expedient, doubled.

At about the same time some frightful accidents, caused by explosion in the pits of his district, set Stephenson to exercise his ingenuity for the discovery of a miner's safety lamp. By a mechanical theory of his own, tested by experiments made boldly at the peril of his life, he arrived at the construction of a lamp less simple, though perhaps safer, than that of Sir Humphry Davy, and with the same method of defence. The practical man and the philosopher worked independently in the same year on the same problem. Stephenson's solution was arrived at a few weeks earlier than Davy's, and upon this fact a great controversy afterwards was founded. One material result of it was, that Stephenson eventually received as a public testimonial a thousand pounds, which he used later in life as capital for the founding at Newcastle of his famous locomotive factory. At the Killingworth pith the "Geordy" safety lamp is still in use, being there, of course, considered to be better than the Davy.

Locomotives had been used only on the tram-roads of the collieries, and by the time when Stephenson built his second engine were generally abandoned as failures. Stephenson alone stayed in the field and did not care who said there would be at Killingworth "a terrible blow-up some day." He had already made up his mind that the perfection of a travelling engine would be half lost if it did not run on a perfected rail. Engine and rail he spoke of even then, as "man and wife," and his contrivances for the improvement of the locomotive always went hand in hand with his contrivances for the improvement of the road on which it ran. We need not follow the mechanical details. In his work at the rail and engine he made progress in his own way, inch by inch; every new locomotive built by him contained improvements on its predecessor; every time he laid down a fresh rail he added some new element of strength and firmness to it. The Killingworth Colliery Railway was the seed from which sprang the whole European—and now more than European—system of railway intercourse. While systems and theories rose and fell round about, George Stephenson kept his little line in working order, made it pay, and slowly advanced in the improvement of the rails and engines used upon it. When it had been five years at work, the owners of the Hetton Colliery, in the county of Durham, invited Stephenson to act as engineer for them in laying down an equally efficient and much longer line. Its length was to be eight miles, and it would cross one of the highest hills in the district: Stephenson put his locomotive on the level ground, worked the inclines with stationary engines, showed how full wagons descending an incline might be used as a power for the drawing up of empty ones, and in three years completed successfully a most interesting and novel series of works.

In those days there was talk of railroads to be worked by horse-power, or any better power, if better there were; but at any rate level roads laid down with rails for the facility of traffic, were projected between Stockton and Darlington, between Liverpool and Manchester, and between other places.

The Killingworth Railway was seven years old, the Hetton line then being in the course of construction; and George Stephenson was forty years old when "one day," writes Mr. Smiles, "about the end of the year eighteen hundred and twenty-one, two strangers knocked at the door of Mr. Pease's house in Darlington" (Mr. Pease was the head promoter of the railway between Darlington and Stockton), "and the message was brought to him that some persons from Killingworth wanted to speak with him. They were invited in; on which one of the visitors introduced himself as Nicholas Wood, viewer at Killingworth; and then, turning to his companion, he introduced him as George Stephenson of the same place." George had also a letter of introduction from the manager at Killingworth, and came as a person who had experience in the laying out of railways, to offer his services. He had walked to Darlington, with here and there a lift upon a coach, to see whether he could not get for his locomotive a fair trial, and for himself a step of advancement in life, upon Mr. Pease's line. He told his wish in the strong Northumbrian dialect of his district; as for himself, he said, he was "only the engine-wright at Killingworth, that's what he was."

Mr. Pease liked him, told him his plans, which were all founded on the use of horse-power, he being satisfied "that a horse upon an iron road would draw ten tons for one on a common road, and that before long the railway would become the King's Highway." Stephenson boldly declared that his locomotive was worth fifty horses, and that moving engines would in course of time supersede all horse-power upon railroads. "Come over," he said "to Killingworth, and see what my Blutcher can do; seeing is believing, sir." Mr. Pease went, saw, and believed. Stephenson was appointed engineer to the Company, at a salary of three hundred a year. The Darlington line was constructed in accordance with his survey. His travelling engine ran upon it for the first time on the twenty-seventh of September, eighteen hundred and twenty-five, in sight of an immense concourse of people, and attained, in some parts of its course, a speed—then unexampled—of twelve miles an hour. When Stephenson afterwards became a famous man he forgot none of his old friends. He visited even poor cottagers who had done a chance kindness to him. Mr. Pease will transmit to his descendants a gold watch, inscribed—"Esteem and gratitude: from George Stephenson to Edward Pease."

It was while the Stockton and Darlington line was in progress that George Stephenson proposed establishing a locomotive factory, and training a body of mechanics skilled to the new work, at Newcastle. The thousand pounds given to him by the coal-owners for his invention of the safety-lamp, he could advance. Mr. Pease and another friend advanced five hundred each, and so the Newcastle Engine Factory was founded.

With what determined perseverance Mr. Stephenson upheld the cause of the locomotive in connection with the proposed Liverpool and Manchester line: how he did cheaply what all the regular engineers declared impossible or ruinous, in carrying that line over Chat-Moss, persevering, when all who were about him had confessed despair, and because he had made good his boldest promises in every one case: how he was at last trusted in the face of public ridicule, upon the merits of the locomotive also: how after the line was built, at the public competition of light engines constructed in accordance with certain strict conditions, his little Rocket won the prize; how the fulfilment of his utmost assertions raised Stephenson to the position of an oracle in the eyes of the public; how he nevertheless went on improving the construction of both rails and locomotives; how the great railway systems, of which the foundations were laid patiently by him, was rapidly developed: how, when success begot a mania, he was as conspicuous for his determined moderation as he had before been for his determined zeal: how he attained honour and fortune; and retired from public life, again to grow enormous fruits or vegetables in his garden—pineapples instead of leeks—again to pet animals and watch the birds' nests in the hedges—we need not tell in detail; Mr. Smiles's excellent biography tells it all.

One of the chief pleasures of his latter days was to hold out a helping hand to poor inventors who deserved assistance. He was a true man to the last, whom failure never drove to despair; whom success never elated to folly. Inch by inch he made his ground good in the world, and for the world. A year before his death in eighteen hundred and forty-eight, somebody, about to dedicate a book to him, asked him what were his "ornamental initials." His reply was, "I have to state that I have no flourishes to my name, either before or after; and I think it will be as well if you merely say, George Stephenson."

BERANGER'S LATEST LYRIC.

From the Edinburgh Scotsman.

The following is a translation of what is supposed to be Béranger's latest composition. It is understood to have been sent as a competing poem to a gentleman in this country who had offered a munificent prize for the best poem of the Battle of Stirling. It has been translated by a gentleman who has undertaken to superintend the publication of the poems which were unsuccessful in that competition. The volume is, we believe, nearly ready for the press, and contains poems by almost all the celebrated poets of the day.

STIRLING BRIDGE—WALLACE.

"You cannot pass!" was the stern reply of the Scottish Sentinelle
To those who came from England's host, King Edward's terms to tell.
"O soldier," cried the friars, then, "beware our Sovereign's wrath!
Beware how you dispute to-day his army's onward path!
Go tell your chief to send away his forces from this place,
And yield himself, as well he may, to Edward's kingly grace!"
"You pass not by!" was still the cry of the Scottish Sentinelle;
"Tell Surrey that his threats have failed our gallant hearts to quell;
We throw him stern defiance back across that sluggish flood,
Whose waters ere the day has closed shall purpled be with blood;
We came not here to treat, we came to win with our right hand
The speedy disenthrallment of our own dear mountain land."
"Ha! pass we not?" said fierce Warenne, "then let the caitiffs know
We'll drive them from their rocky perch with sword and spear and bow;
They think, the boors, to emulate the deeds done in the pass
Of old Thermopylæ, with great and good Leonidas!
But forward now, my gallant bands, o'er stream, and bush, and brake,
And let the Scottish rebels see how great is their mistake."
"They must not pass!" now ran adown the forming Scottish ranks,
As Surrey's armies spread themselves along the river's banks,
A fierce invader's need be theirs on this eventful day,
And, Scotland, yours a grand renown that ne'er can pass away.
See, see! the Northern shore they seek, the Northern bank they gain,
Down, Scotchmen, from the crag, and sweep their leopards from the plain.
"They must not pass!" was still the cry of Scotia's men-at-arms;
And, rising o'er the clash of steel and war's most dire alarms,
It sounded on the battle plain and cowed their Southern foes,
And, long before that Autumn day had reached its cheerless close,
Of that great host that crossed the Forth so gay full of life,
A shattered broken few were all that 'scaped the deadly strife.
They did not pass. The North was saved, and Scotland, from that time
That Stirling Bridge was won, now dates her glorious golden prime.
For on that bloody day was gained the freedom of her land,
And fadeless wreaths around her brows were twined by Wallace' hand.
By *his* who raised old Scotland's name till Roman stars grew dim:
Are monuments required to keep alive the fame of *him*?*

* The old *chansonnier*, over whose remains the grave has so lately closed, with that playful irony of which he was so great a master, adds, in a note to this line, that "a learned and public-spirited acquaintance of his is projecting a scheme for the building of a monument to Noah on Mount Ararat. The fabric is to be an obelisk of Peterhead granite. An entablature on the one side of the basement is to record the account of the Deluge, as given in Genesis; and on the other, the name of the originator of the scheme, his birth, literary works, public-spirited acts, &c." He further adds that "a great meeting to promote this object is to be held on the plains of Syria, and that all the descendants of Shem and Japheth are to be invited to subscribe to the monument fund." The meeting is to be held on the anniversary of the Flood, as settled by Newton's chronology, and the Khan of Tartary and the Emperor of Austria are to be the chief speakers.

RUSKIN UPON LITERATURE

Finally, your judgment will be, of course, much affected by your taste in literature. Indeed, I know many persons who have the purest taste in literature, and yet false taste in art, and it is a phenomenon which puzzles me not a little; but I have never known any one with false taste in books, and true taste in pictures. It is also of the greatest importance to you, not only for art's sake, but for all kinds of sake, in these days of book deluge, to keep out of the salt swamps of literature, and live on a little rocky island of your own, with a spring and lake in it, pure and good. I cannot, of course, suggest the choice of your library to you; every several mind needs different books; but there are some books which we all need, and assuredly, if you read Homer, Plato, Æschylus, Herodotus, Dante, Shakspeare, and Spenser, as much as you ought, you will not require wide enlargement of shelves to right and left of them for purposes of perpetual study. Among modern books, avoid generally magazine and review literature. Sometimes it may contain a useful abridgement or a wholesome piece of criticism; but the chances are ten to one it will either waste your time or mislead you. If you want to understand any subject whatever, read the best book upon it you can hear of; not a review of the book. If you don't like the first book you try, seek for another; but do not hope ever to understand the subject without pains, by a reviewer's help. Avoid especially that class of literature which has a knowing tone; it is the most poisonous of all. Every good book, or piece of book, is full of admiration and awe; it may contain firm assertion or stern satire, but it never sneers coldly, nor asserts haughtily, and it always leads you to reverence or love something with your whole heart. It is not always easy to distinguish the satire of the venomous race of books from the satire of the noble and pure ones; but in general you may notice that the cold-blooded Crustacean and Batracian books will sneer at sentiment; and the warm-blooded, human books at sin. Then, in general, the more you can restrain your serious reading to reflective or lyric poetry, history, and natural history, avoiding fiction and the drama, the healthier your mind will become. Of modern poetry keep to Scott, Wordsworth, Keats, Crabbe, Tennyson, the two Brownings, Lowell, Longfellow, and Coventry Patmore, whose "Angel in the House" is the most finished piece of writing, and the sweetest analysis we possess of quiet modern domestic feeling; while Mrs. Browning's "Aurora Leigh" is, as far as I know, the greatest poem which the century has produced in any language. Cast Coleridge at once aside, as sickly and useless; and Shelley, as shallow and verbose; Byron, until your taste is fully formed, and you are able to discern the magnificence in him from the wrong. Never read bad or common poetry, nor write any poetry yourself; there is perhaps, rather too much than too little in the world already.

Of reflective prose, read chiefly Bacon, Johnson, and Helps. Carlyle is hardly to be named as a writer for "beginners," because his teaching, though to